



No. 106

Ten Cents

MAR.
1947



ACTION COMICS

In this issue:
A TRANSATLANTIC
SUPERMAN THRILLER:
**"HIS LORDSHIP,
CLARK KENT"**



Be the first in your gang to own a famous Baby Brownie Special

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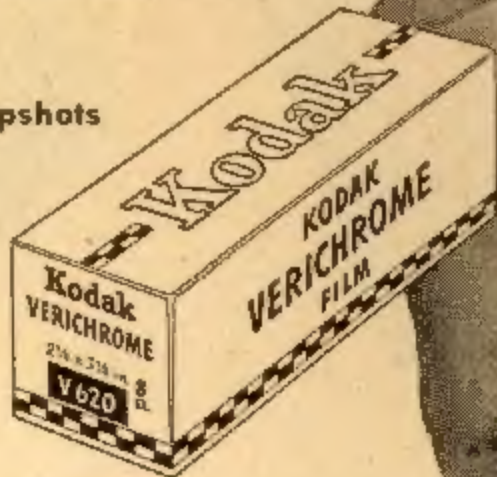
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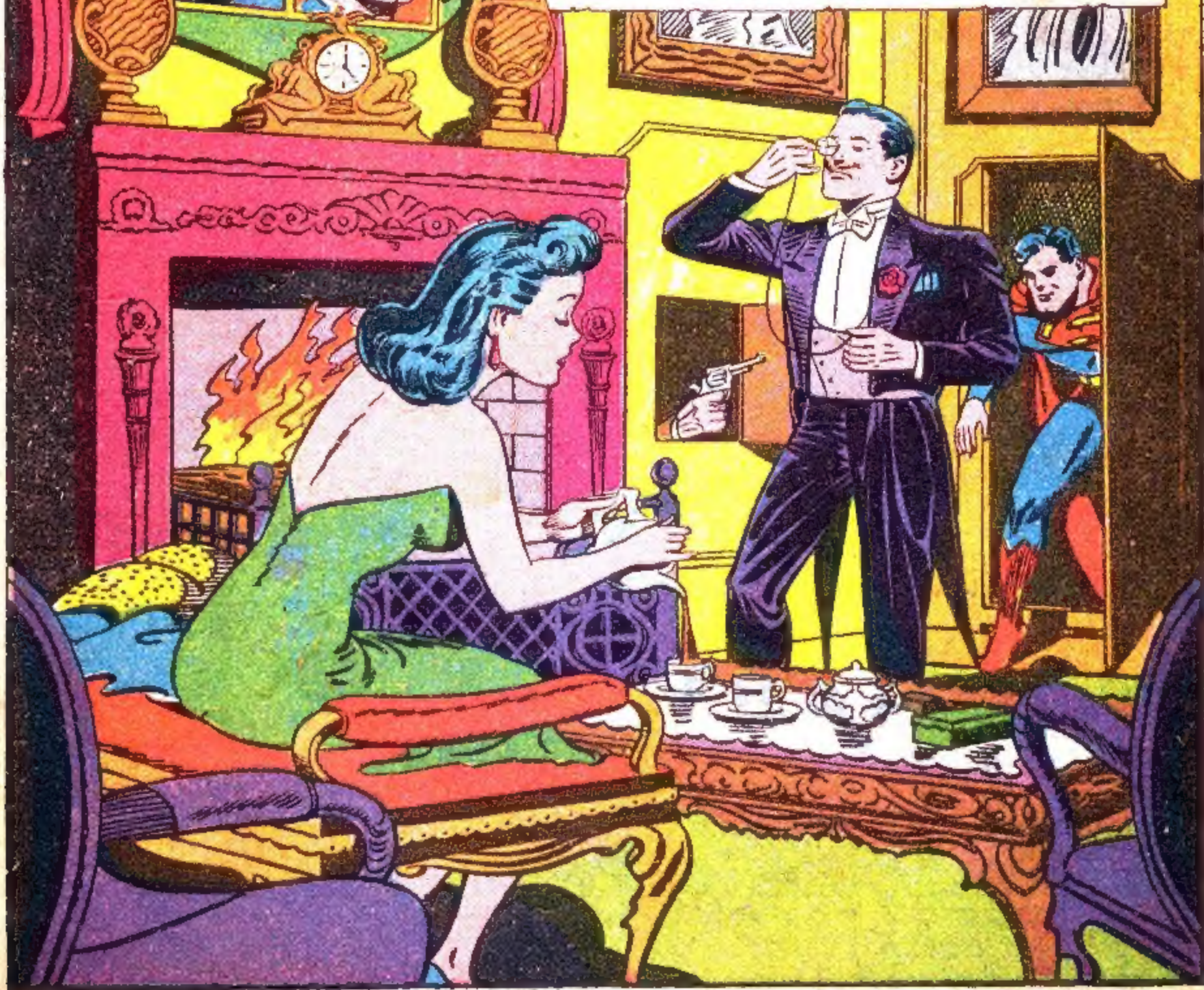
Kodak

SUPERMAN

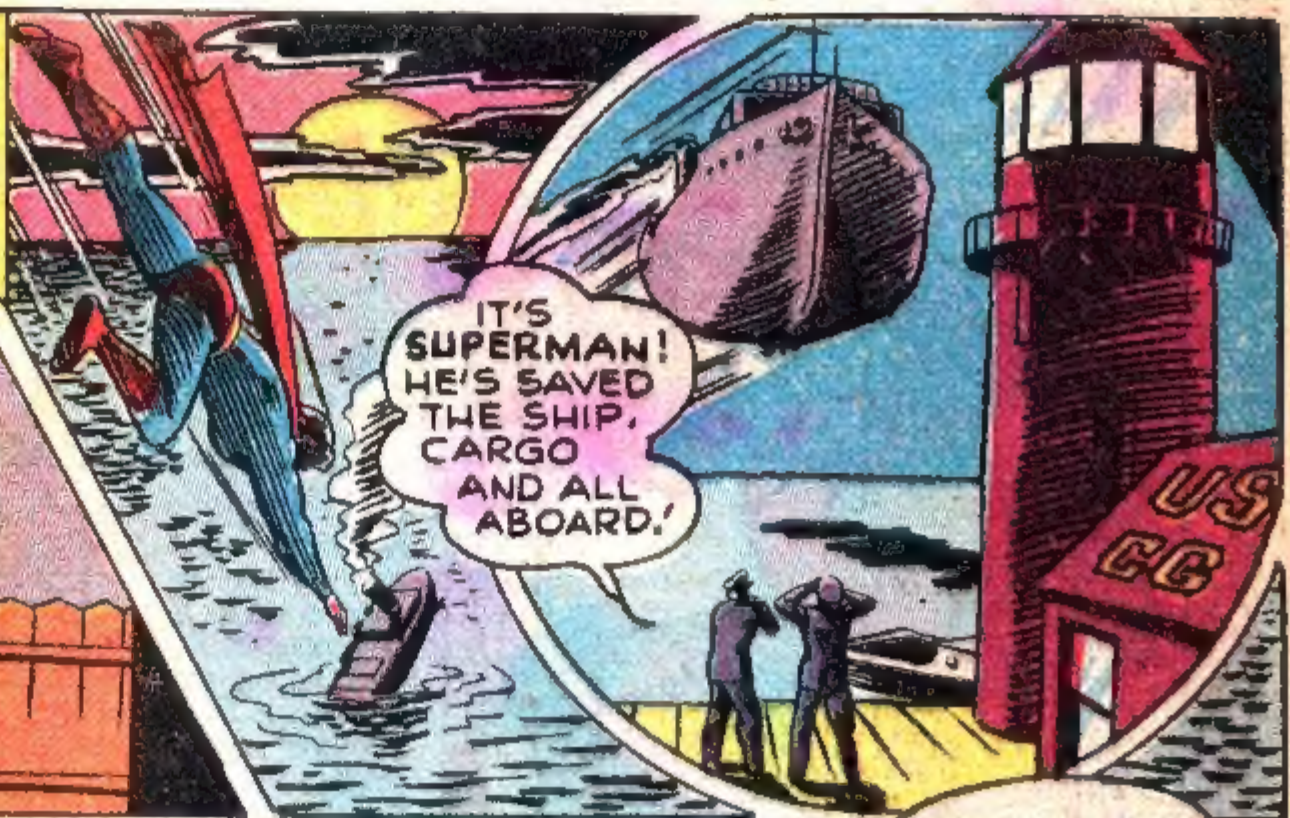
by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND - BUT NEVER AGAIN WILL IT BE QUITE THE SAME AS IN THE STIRRING DAYS WHEN CLARK KENT IS ELEVATED TO THE PEERAGE OF THE HISTORIC ISLAND KINGDOM, BY CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND HIS CONTROL! NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE RESULTS ARE SURPRISING - AND CAUSE A BLAST THAT ECHOES FROM PARLIAMENT TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE AS SUPERMAN TAKES A RED-BLOODED INTEREST IN THE BLUE-BLOODED AFFAIRS OF THAT UNCONVENTIONAL ARISTOCRAT...

**"His Lordship,
Clark Kent!"**

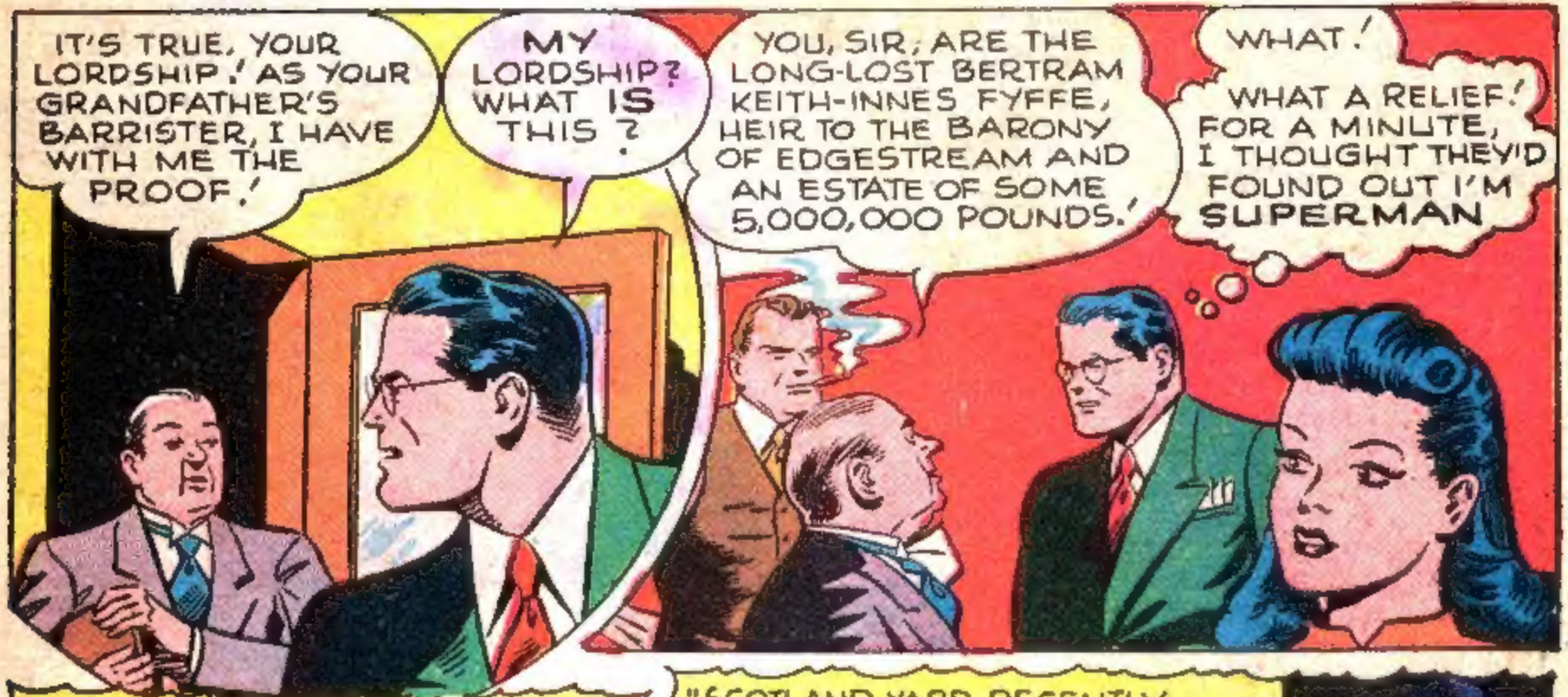


REPORTER CLARK KENT IS ON HIS WAY TO THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE, WHEN, WITH THE SUPERSENSITIVE HEARING OF SUPERMAN, HE INTERCEPTS A SHIP'S RADIOED S.O.S... SO...

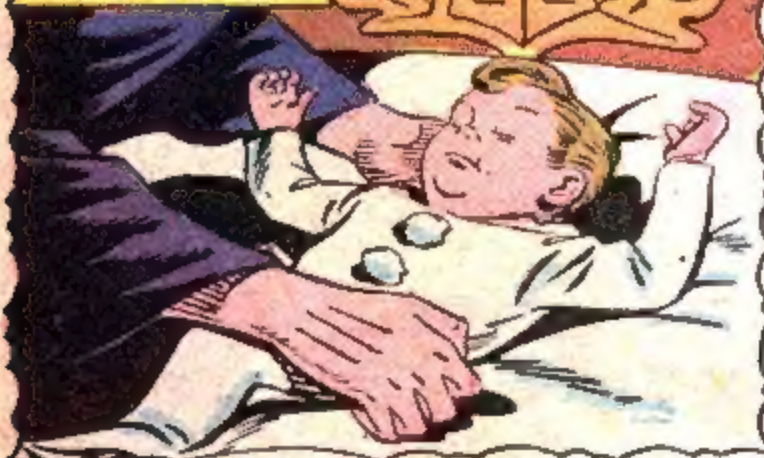


BEING CLARK KENT AND SUPERMAN SIMULTANEOUSLY GETS COMPLICATED AT TIMES. BACK ON LAND AGAIN...





"SINCE YOU WERE KIDNAPED AS AN INFANT, HIS LORDSHIP, YOUR GRANDFATHER HAS SEARCHED FOR YOU!"



"SCOTLAND YARD RECENTLY FOUND THAT AN ENGLISH WOMAN CARRYING AN INFANT BOARDED A LINER BOUND FOR METROPOLIS THE DAY AFTER THE KIDNAPING!"



... AND YOUR FOSTER PARENTS, THE KENTS, FOUND YOU ABANDONED THE DAY THE VESSEL DOCKED IN METROPOLIS...



BUT—I'M AN AMERICAN! I DON'T WANT TO BE AN ENGLISH PEER!

LISTEN, YOUR LORDSHIP—I MEAN, YOU SAY, THIS IS THE STORY OF A LIFETIME! YOU'LL GO TO ENGLAND WITH LOIS—OR YOU'RE FIRED!

WHAT A CHOICE! I CAN HAVE \$20,000,000 AND A SALARY I WON'T NEED—OR I CAN STARVE!



ACTUALLY, CLARK CANNOT BE SURE HE IS NOT A LONG-LOST BRITISH NOBLE—FOR HE KNOWS ONLY THAT HE WAS AN ORPHAN REARED BY A KINDLY COUPLE WHO FOUND HIM. AND SO, RELUCTANTLY, HE BOARDS A PLANE FOR ENGLAND...



AND SOME HOURS LATER, HE'S AT HIS DYING GRANDFATHER'S BEDSIDE...

YOUR LORDSHIP-MASTER BERTRAM IS HERE!

COME HERE, MY BOY!



SIR, THE EVIDENCE THAT I'M YOUR HEIR IS PURELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL!

I KNOW! BUT I'VE HAD YOU INVESTIGATED—AND EVEN IF YOU ARE NOT BERTRAM, MY TITLE WOULD BE SAFER IN YOUR HANDS THAN THOSE OF MY NEPHEW, JULIAN FYFFE, WHO IS NEXT IN LINE!

JULIAN FYFFE IS A SCOUNDREL! I EVEN SUSPECT HIM OF CAUSING YOUR—BERTRAM'S—DISAPPEARANCE! PROMISE ME YOU WILL ACCEPT MY TITLE!

I WILL, SIR!



AS THE MOURNING PERIOD ENDS, THE SOCIAL SEASON BEGINS WITH A HUNT!

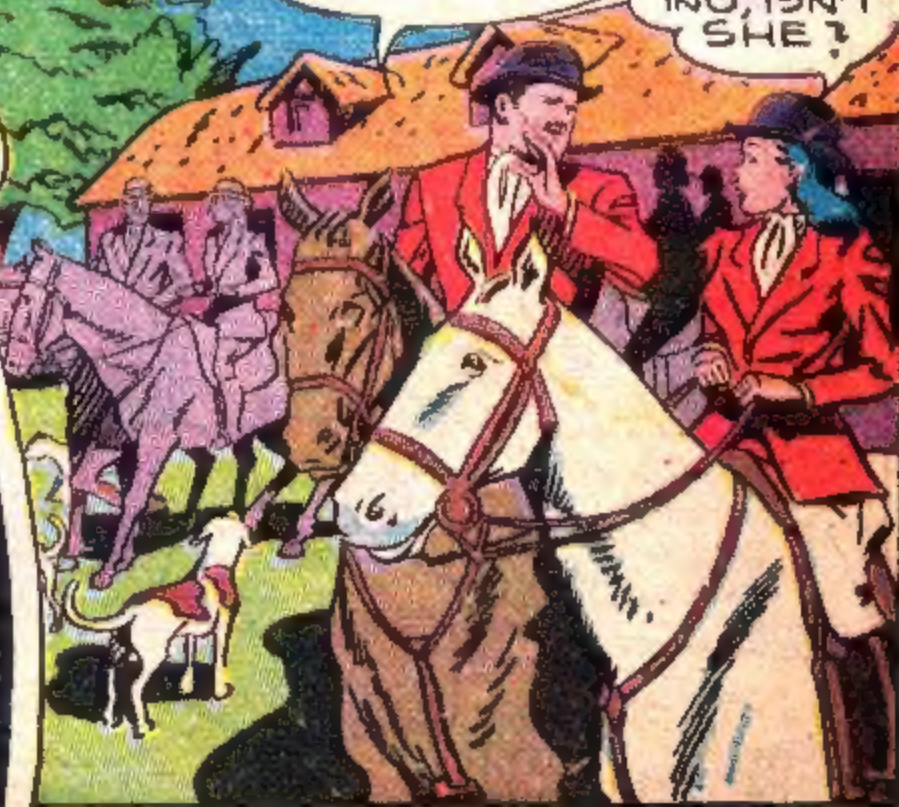
THAT'S LADY ALTHEA! SHE HOPES TO MARRY THE NEW BARON EDGESTREAM!

GOOD GRIEF!... UH—I MEAN CHARMING, ISN'T SHE?

AND THAT NIGHT, OLD LORD EDGESTREAM BREATHES HIS LAST...

WELL, JULIAN, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE NEW BARON?

BAH! A BUMPIN' FROM THE STATES! BUT I'LL FIX HIM—NEVER FEAR!



SUDDENLY, AS LOIS' HORSE JUMPS A FENCE...

CLUMSY RIDER, THAT NEWSPAPER GIRL FROM THE STATES!

HUH-? CLUMSY, NOTHING! HER SADDLE GIRTH HAS BROKEN! TIME FOR SUPERMAN TO APPEAR IN MERRY ENGLAND!

BUT YOU'RE MAGNIFICENT IN THE SADDLE, BERTIE—MY WORD!

HELP!

SECONDS LATER, SUPERMAN EMERGES FROM THE TALL RUSHES SOME YARDS FROM WHERE "HIS LORDSHIP" VANISHED.

SUPERMAN! OR AM I DREAMING?

NO DREAM, LOIS! I FIGURED YOU'D GET IN AS MUCH TROUBLE HERE AS IN AMERICA—SO I FOLLOWED YOU!

THE GROOM SAYS HIS LORDSHIP WAS TO RIDE THAT HORSE, MISS LANE! BY MR. FYFFE'S ORDERS! YOU GOT IT BY MISTAKE!

SO?... LOOK—THE LEATHER GIRTH WAS CUT HALF THROUGH WITH A KNIFE!

SUPERMAN, CLARK'S IN DANGER! JULIAN FYFFE WANTS TO INHERIT THE ESTATE, AND—

I KNOW! BUT DON'T WORRY—I'LL BE AROUND!



MEANWHILE...

HELP!
HELP!
HE'S
DROWNED...
OH-!

NOT YET!
I GOT MUD IN MY
EYES AND FLOUNDERED AROUND A
BIT! CLUMSY OF ME,
IT WASN'T IT?



LATER, AFTER
THE HUNT IS
OVER...

LOIS IS RIGHT ABOUT
JULIAN—HE WANTS TO
GET RID OF ME! WHAT
BOTHERS ME IS HOW
TO FIND OUT WHETHER
I'M REALLY BERTIE!



FAMILY RECORDS REVEAL LITTLE...

THIS MENTIONS
THE DEATH OF
MY PARENTS A
MONTH AFTER I
WAS BORN, BUT
NOT MY DISAP-
PEARANCE! I
WONDER...?



BERTIE HAS A
STAR-SHAPED BIRTHMARK
ON HIS LEFT SHOULDER—
AND I HAVEN'T! SO I'M STILL
CLARK KENT, AMERICAN!
BUT I MUST FIND THE
REAL BERTIE...



BUT SUPERMAN'S X-RAY VISION SCORES!

A SECRET ROOM
BEHIND THE FIRE-
PLACE! AND HERE'S
A PHOTO OF ME AS A
BABY! BUT WHAT'S
THIS—?



DAYS PASS, AND CLARK FINDS THAT THE
LIFE OF A LORD OF THE REALM IS NOT ALL
PLEASURE... FOR HE MUST ALSO GOVERN...

AS MANAGER OF
YOUR MINE, I URGE
YOU TO FIGHT ANY
LEGISLATION THAT
MIGHT AFFECT YOUR
INCOME FROM THE
PROPERTY.

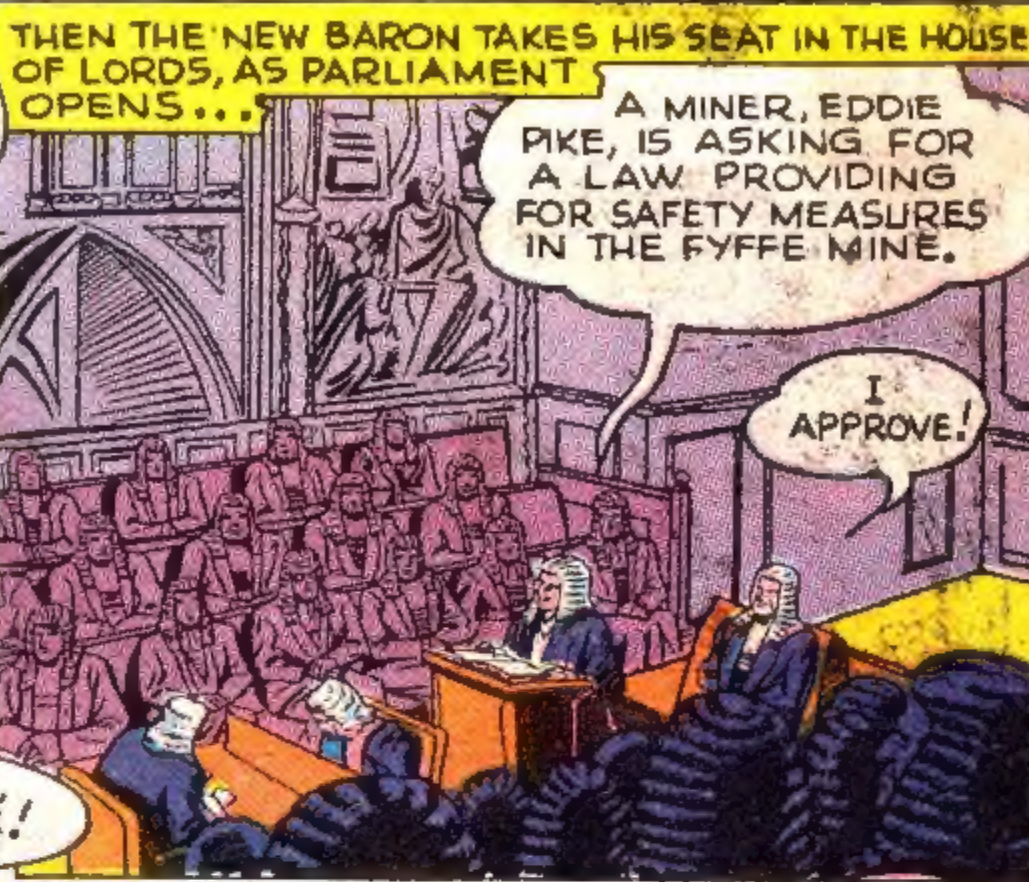
BUT I WANT
MY MINE TO
BE RUN AS
FAIRLY AS ANY
OTHER!





DON'T BE A FOOL, YOUR LORDSHIP!

SUPPOSE YOU DO YOUR JOB AS MINE MANAGER AND LET ME DECIDE THE POLICIES, BASCOMB!



THEN THE NEW BARON TAKES HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, AS PARLIAMENT OPENS...

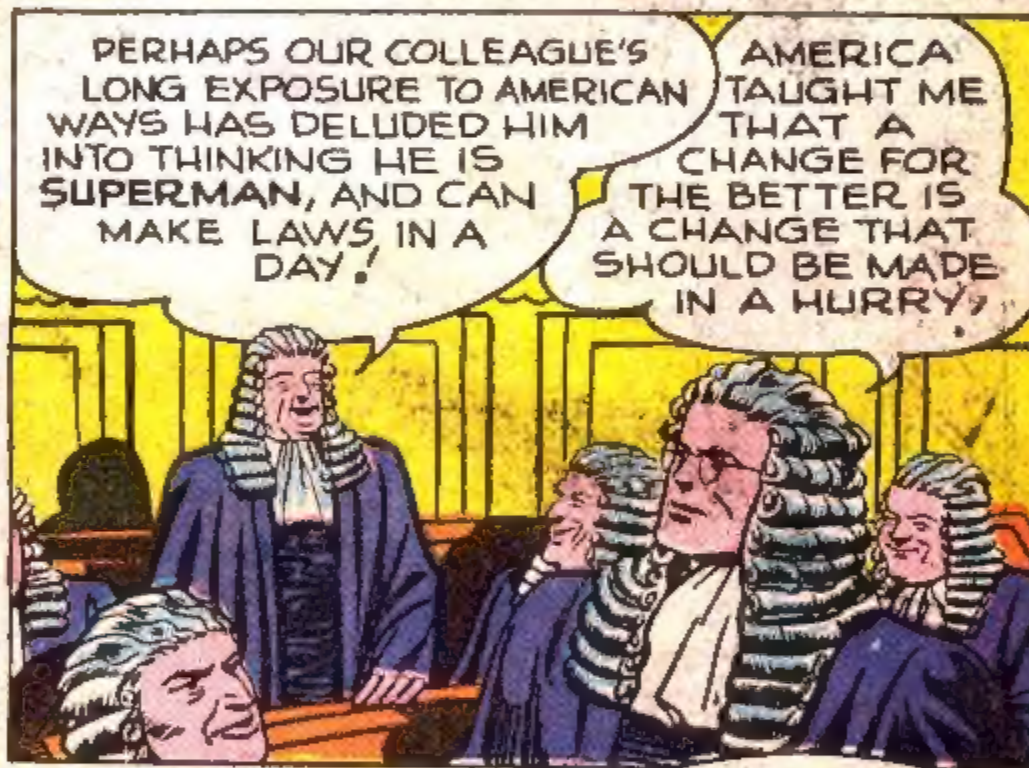
A MINER, EDDIE PIKE, IS ASKING FOR A LAW PROVIDING FOR SAFETY MEASURES IN THE FYFFE MINE.

I APPROVE!



AS OWNER OF THE FYFFE MINES, I AM FOR THIS LAW. IT WOULD BE A GOOD THING.

HEAR, HEAR!



PERHAPS OUR COLLEAGUE'S LONG EXPOSURE TO AMERICAN WAYS HAS DELUDED HIM INTO THINKING HE IS SUPERMAN, AND CAN MAKE LAWS IN A DAY!

AMERICA TAUGHT ME THAT A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER IS A CHANGE THAT SHOULD BE MADE IN A HURRY!

NEWS OF THE SENSATIONAL DEBATE REACHES THE FYFFE COAL MINES, WHERE EDDIE PIKE CRUSADES FOR BETTER CONDITIONS...



'E SOUNDS ALL RIGHT, EH, EDDIE?

COULD BE JUST TALK! WE'LL WAIT AND SEE!

DAILY CHRONICLE
LORD EDGESTREAM BACKS MINERS!
WILL INSTALL SAFETY DEVICES



MEANWHILE... LOIS AND CLARK STROLL THROUGH THE FAMOUS LONDON FOG.

WHAT A PITY! THEY'LL NEVER SEE THE KING AND QUEEN PASS IN THIS FOG! AS A LORD OF THE LAND, WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, CLARK-ER, M'LORD?

WHY NOT?



CLARK! BERTIE!
YOUR LORDSHIP!
WHERE ARE YOU?

AT THE EMPIRE AIR CONDITIONING
WORKS, SUPERMAN BORROWS
VAST LENGTHS OF PIPE!

THEN, AS THEIR MAJESTIES
BEGIN THEIR SCHEDULED
RIDE THROUGH THE MISTY
STREETS...

ON MY WAY
TO PARLIAMENT
TO DRAFT AN
ANTI-FOG BILL!

WITH YOUR
MAJESTIES'
PERMISSION, I
CAN MAKE
THINGS A BIT
CLEARER...

NOW I'LL
PUT A COUPLE OF
FANS ON WHEELS, COVER
THEM WITH A CANOPY—
AND THEY'LL CLEAR AWAY
AN AREA OF FOG AND RE-
PLACE IT WITH AIR DRAWN
FROM ABOVE THE VAPOR
LEVEL.

BY JOVE—
IT'S
SUPERMAN!

AND WITHIN
A NUMBER
OF FEET, THE
FOG IS
LIFTED!

A GREAT HONOR,
YOUR MAJESTY—BUT I
DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET
A PASSPORT BEFORE I
CAME OVER! I'D HATE TO
BE JAILED IN THE TOWER!

THE LEAST WE CAN DO,
OLD CHAP, IS ASK YOU
TO CALL ON US AT
BUCKINGHAM
PALACE!

MEANWHILE, JULIAN FYFFE HAS NOT GIVEN UP TRYING TO KILL LORD EDGESTREAM-AS WITNESS THIS ATTEMPT AT THE ANNUAL CREW RACES ON THE RIVER THAMES...

GOOD GRIEF-A SPEEDBOAT WITH NO ONE AT THE WHEEL!

WHAM!

NEVER MIND THAT! LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELF!

AND AS USUAL SUPERMAN APPEARS IN TIME TO SAVE THE DAY...

CLARK IS STILL DOWN THERE!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH TO SALVAGE HIS LORDSHIP!

FINALLY, THE OWNER OF THE FYFFE MINES MAKES AN INSPECTION TRIP-AND MEETS EDDIE PIKE!

WE'RE FIGHTING TO ELIMINATE DANGER IN THE MINES! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

I'LL TELL YOU LATER, PIKE! FIRST, TAKE MISS LANE AND ME THROUGH THE MINES!

AND BEHIND A NEARBY TOOL SHACK...

I TOLD PIKE TO TAKE THEM THROUGH NUMBER 8 TUNNEL!

GOOD! WE'LL GIVE THEM TIME TO GET DOWN, THEN SET OFF THE BLAST-AND BE RID OF THE WHOLE LOT!

ALMOST A MILE BENEATH THE EARTH...

SUDDENLY...

YOU SEE? VENTILATION IS BAD-AND THE TUNNEL IS UNSAFE!

WE'LL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT RIGHT AWAY!

AT LAST-I AM BARON EDGESTREAM!

AN EXPLOSION! WE'RE GONERS!

WHILE SEEMING ONLY TO LEAN AGAINST IT, CLARK KEEPS THE WALL FROM COLLAPSING... THEN HIS FLASHLIGHT REVEALS...

THAT MARK ON YOUR SHOULDER, PIKE - IS IT A BRUISE?

THAT? IT'S A BIRTHMARK, I GUESS! THE PIKES, WHO ADOPTED ME WHEN I WAS ONLY A FEW WEEKS OLD, SAY I'VE ALWAYS HAD IT!

NO TWO PEOPLE COULD HAVE BIRTHMARKS EXACTLY LIKE THAT! HE'S THE REAL BERTRAM KEITH-INNES FYFFE!



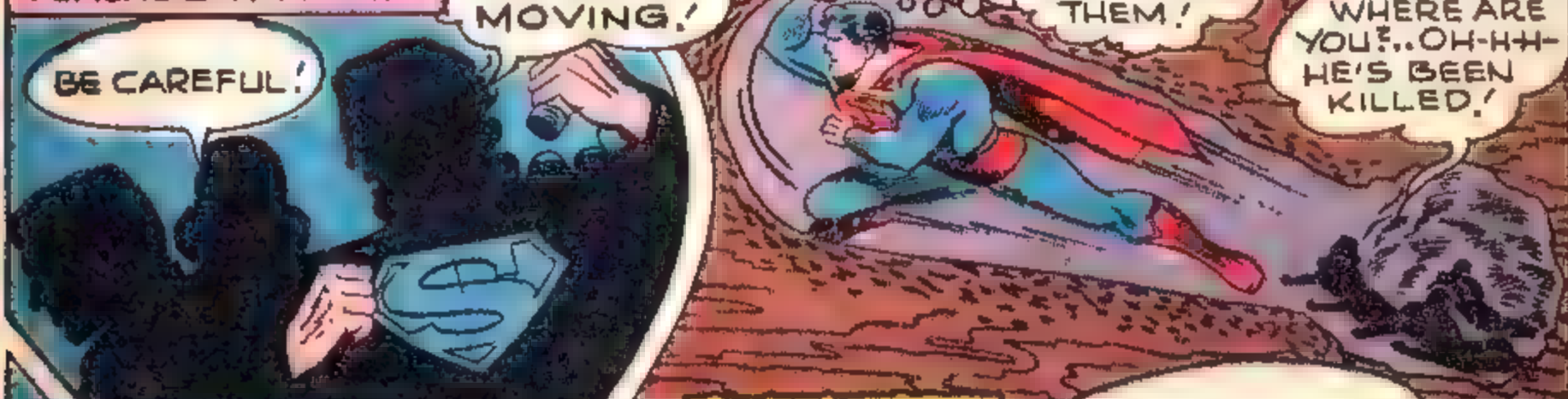
DELIBERATELY, CLARK SWITCHES OFF THE FLASHLIGHT AND...

OOPS! THE LIGHT WENT OUT! AND THE ROCK'S MOVING!

GOT TO PACK THIS WALL SOLID SO IT WON'T CAVE IN ON THEM!

CLARK! WHERE ARE YOU?... OH-HH- HE'S BEEN KILLED!

BE CAREFUL!



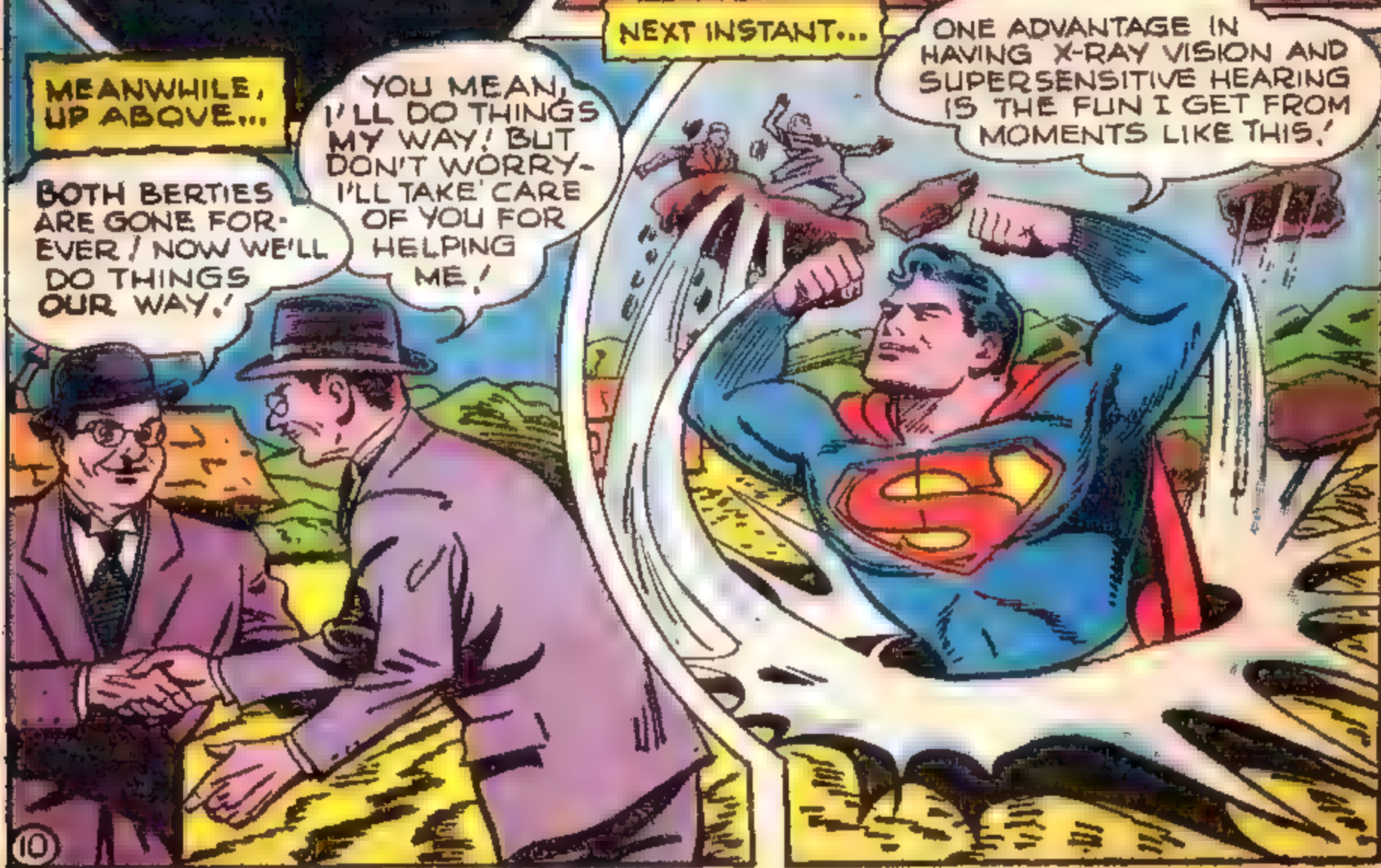
NEXT INSTANT...

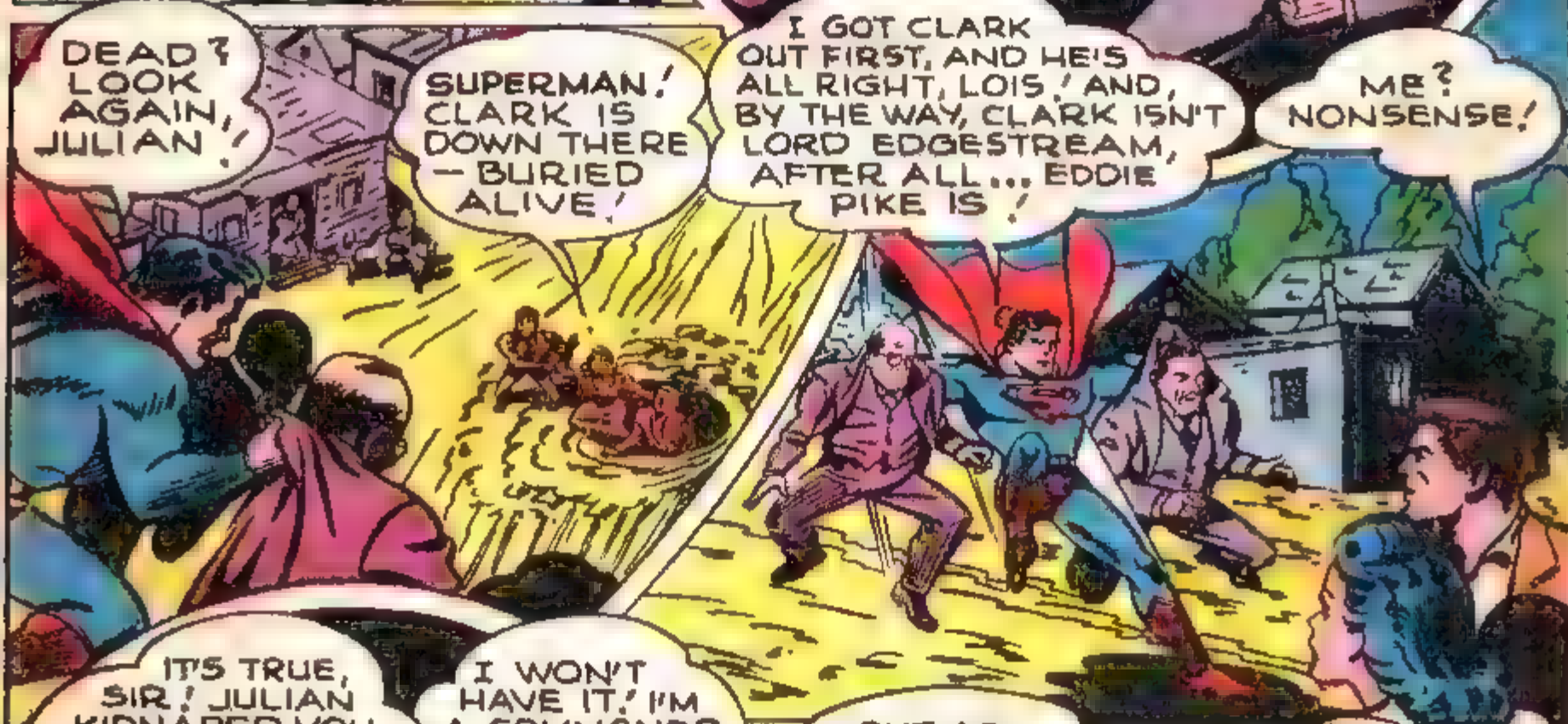
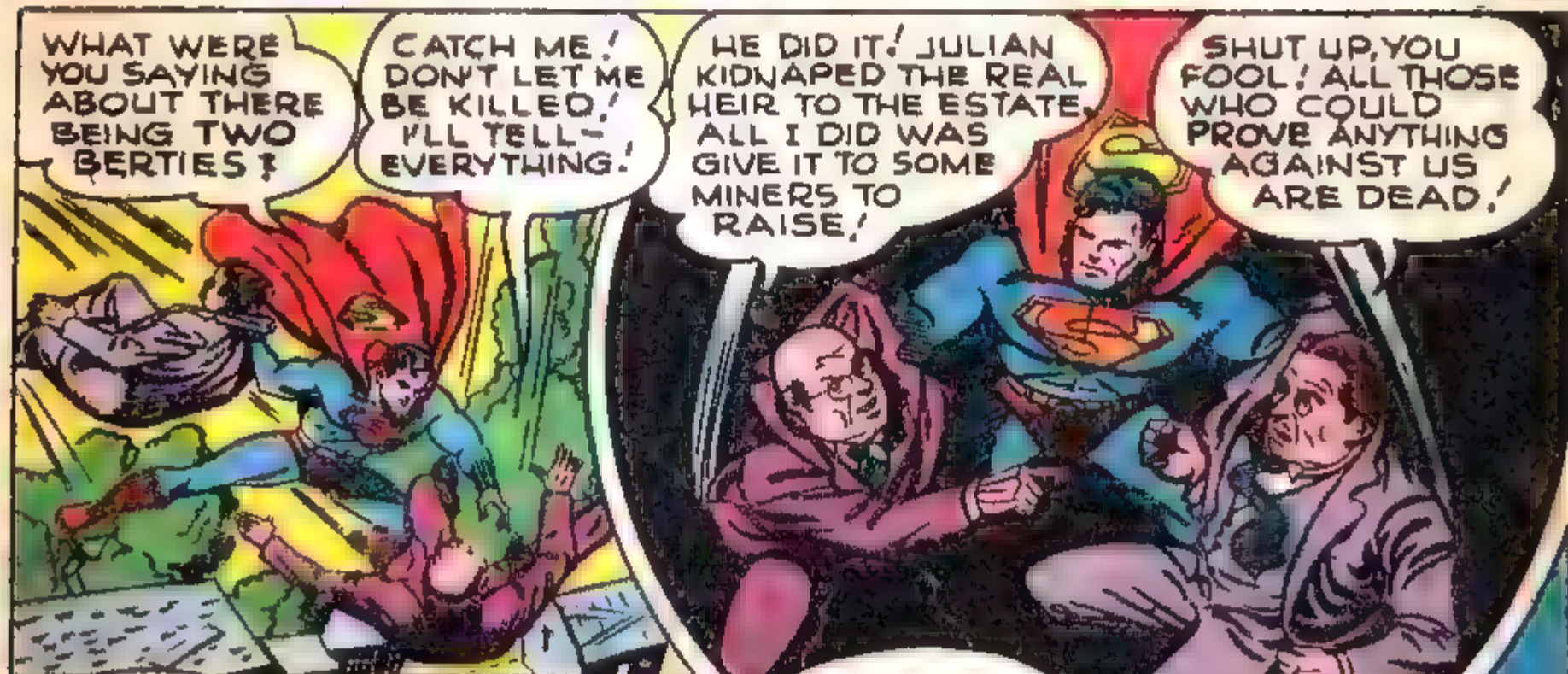
ONE ADVANTAGE IN HAVING X-RAY VISION AND SUPERSENSITIVE HEARING IS THE FUN I GET FROM MOMENTS LIKE THIS!

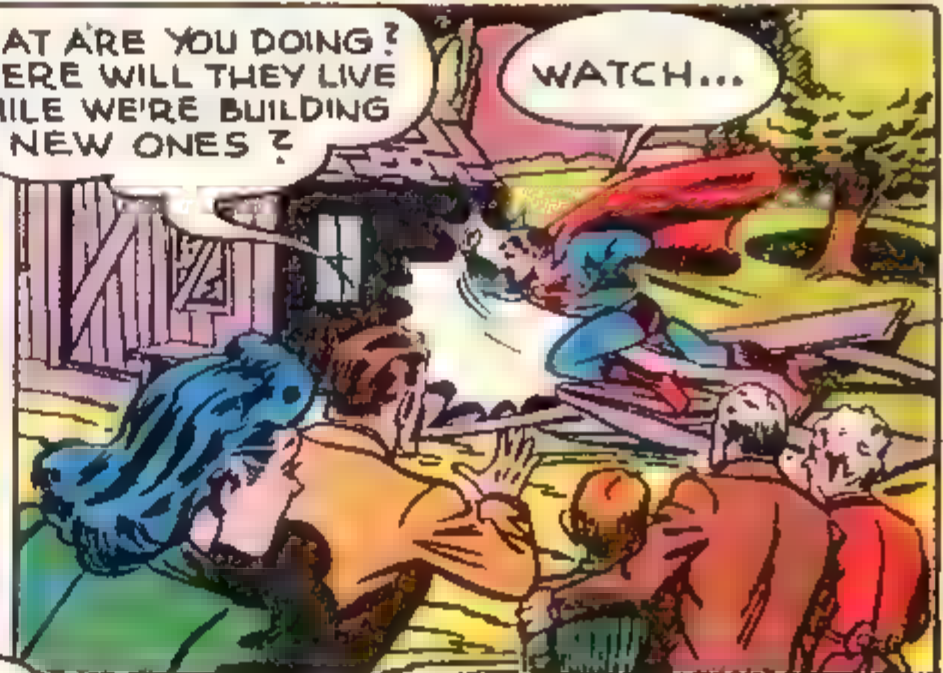
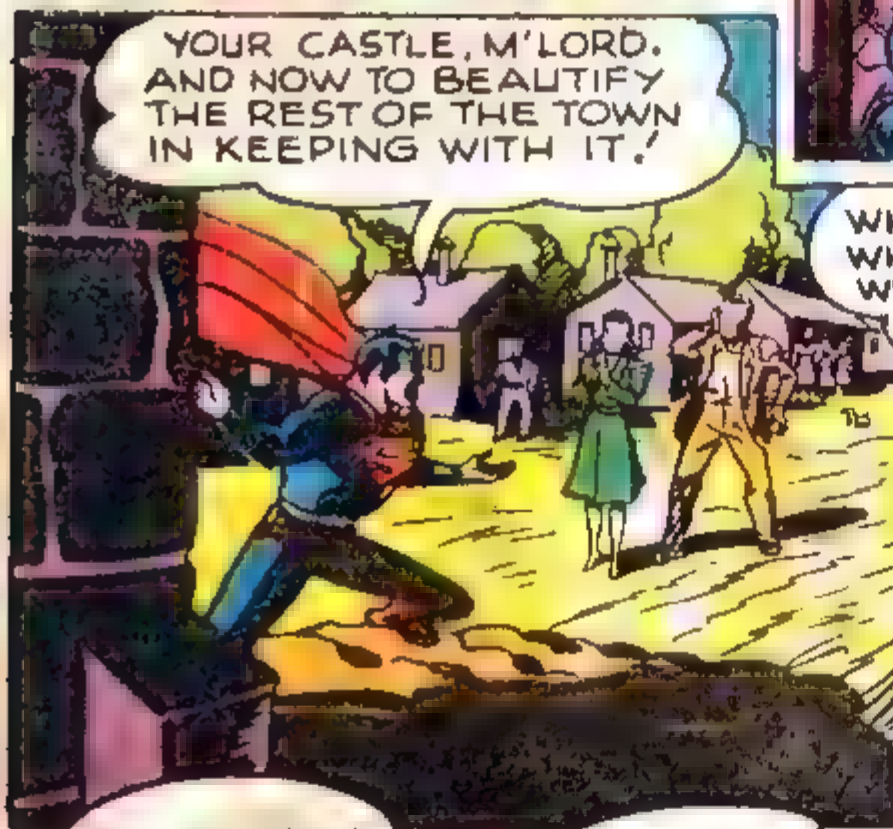
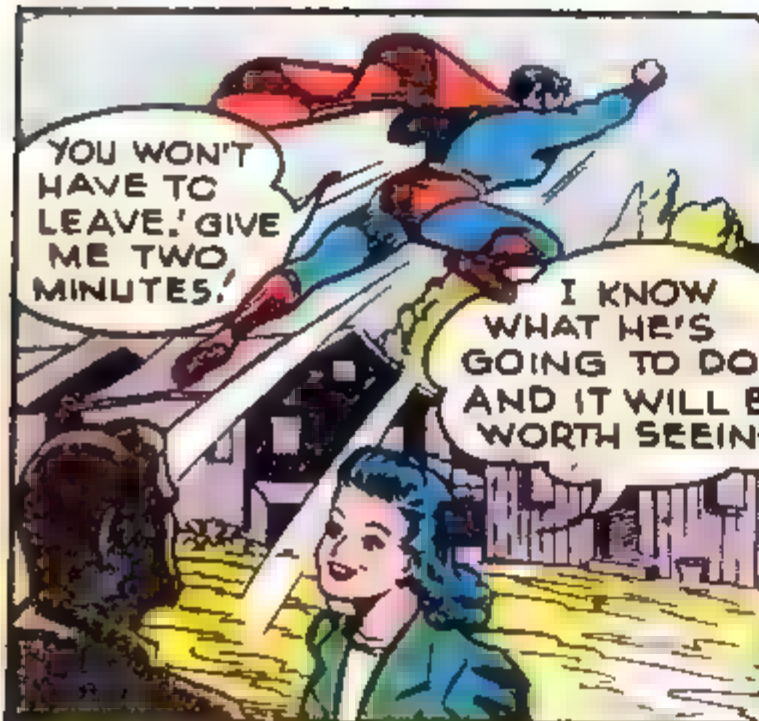
MEANWHILE, UP ABOVE...

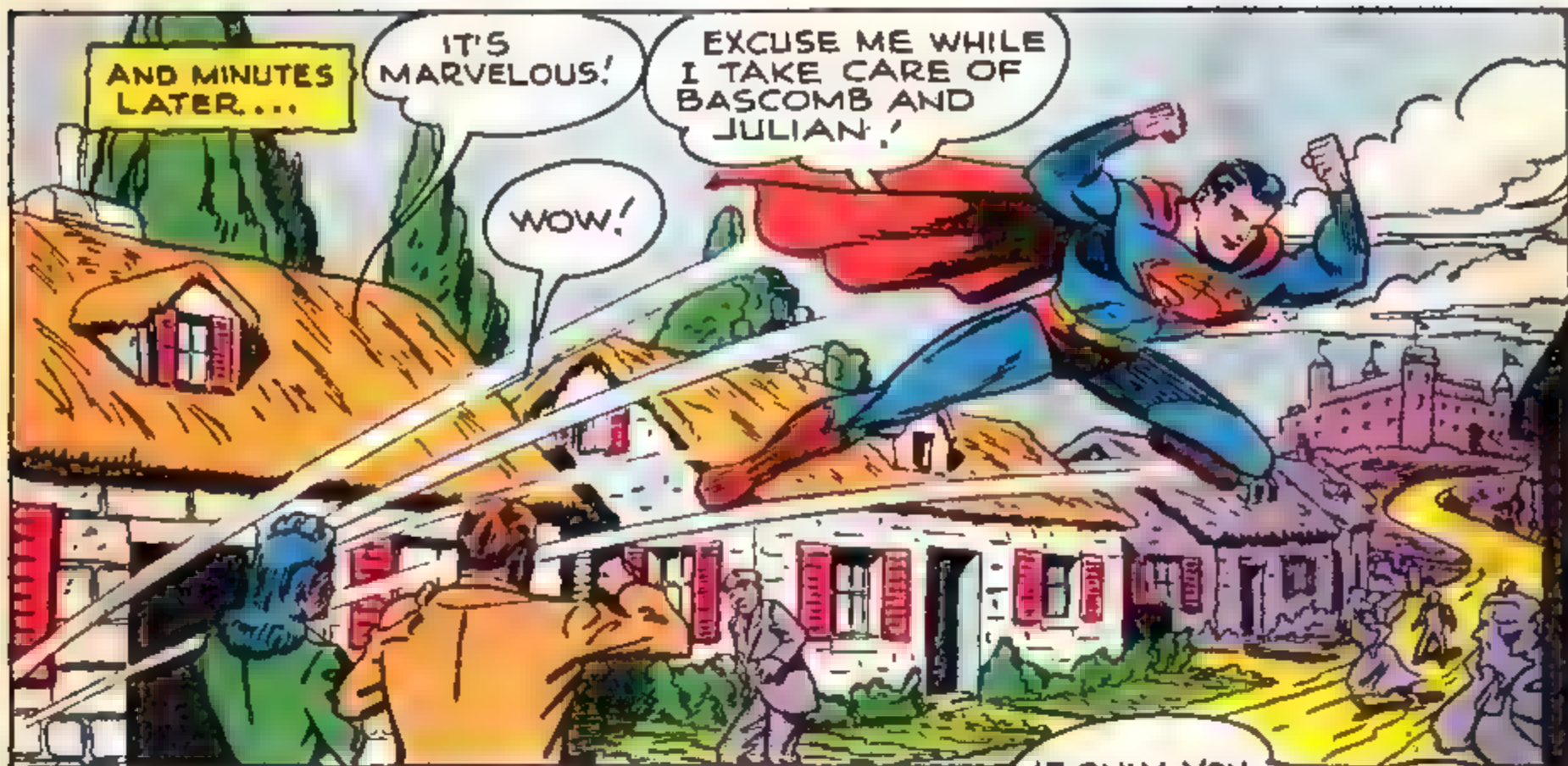
BOTH BERTIES ARE GONE FOR- EVER! NOW WE'LL DO THINGS OUR WAY!

YOU MEAN, I'LL DO THINGS MY WAY! BUT DON'T WORRY- I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FOR HELPING ME!

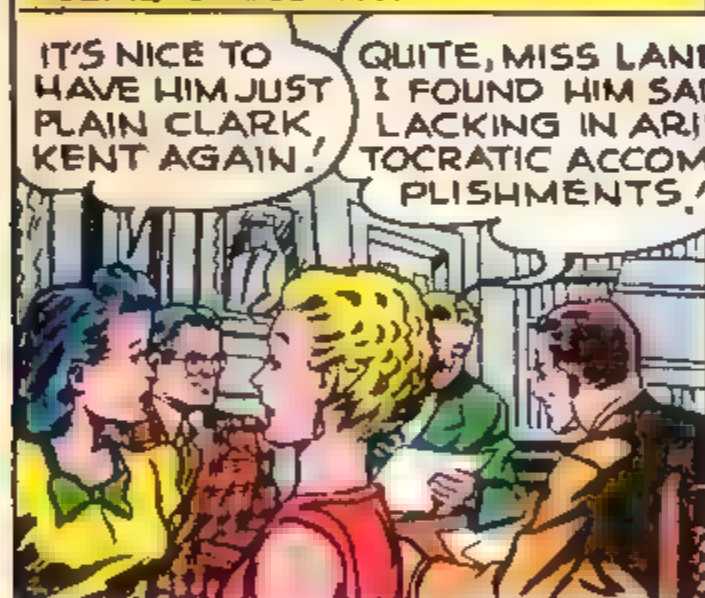




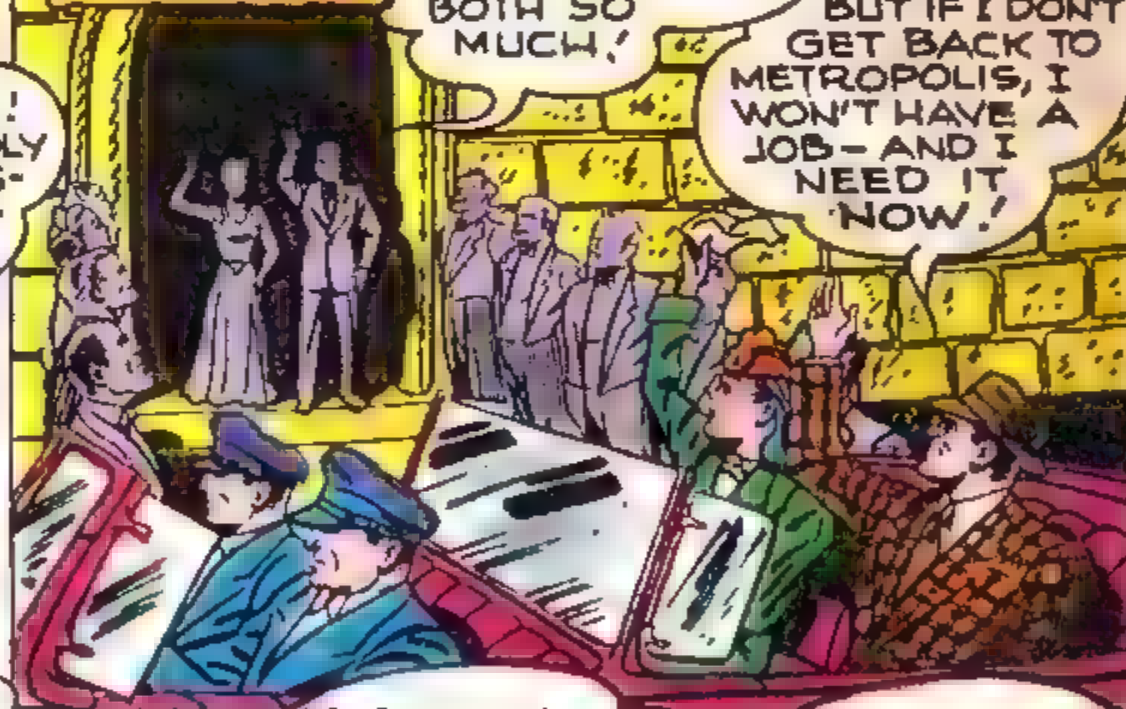




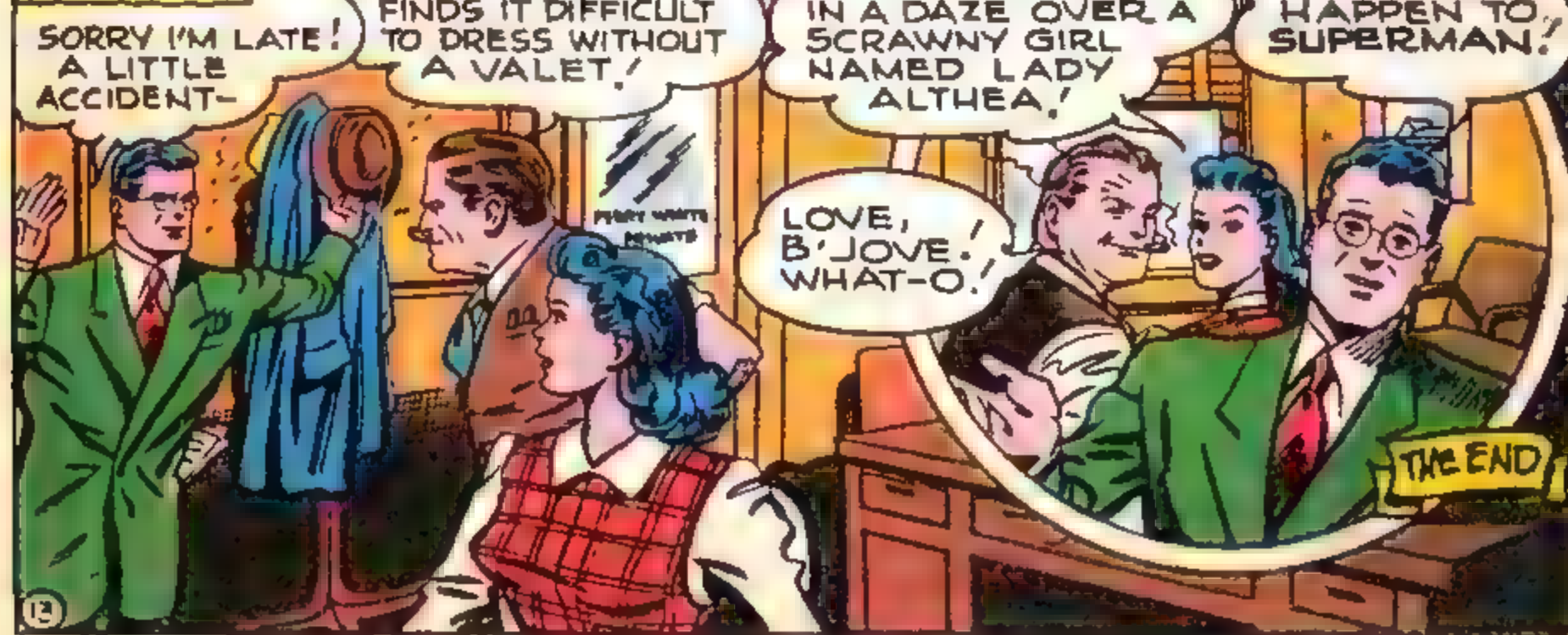
LATER, CLARK KENT LEGALLY TRANSFERS THE ESTATES AND TITLE OF EDGESTREAM TO THE REAL BARON...

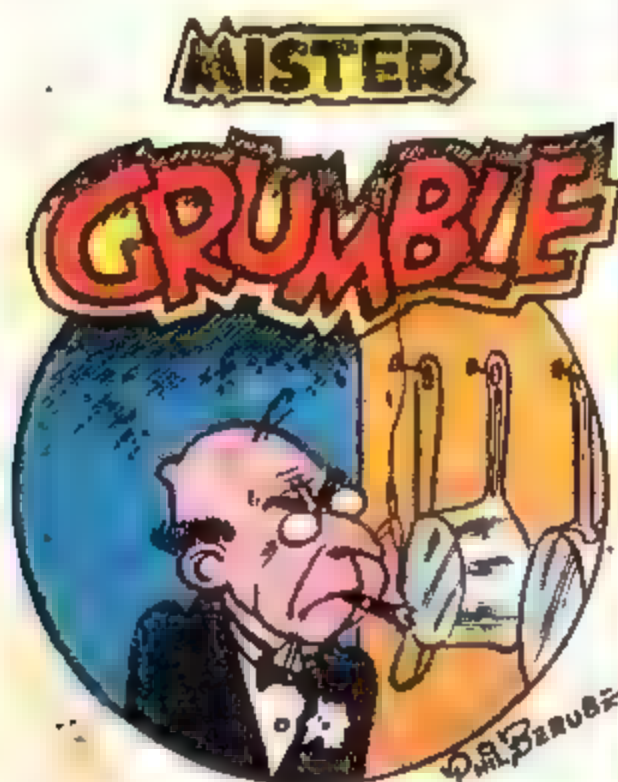


AND THEN FAREWELL...



BACK IN THE U.S.A...





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Uronus No. 6)

GZ LOXYZ TKC ZGYQY
GXK NGXJ, HAZ VVGIZ-
OIK LOTGRRE SGQKY
ZNKS GY YOSVRK GY
GHI.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Mar.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

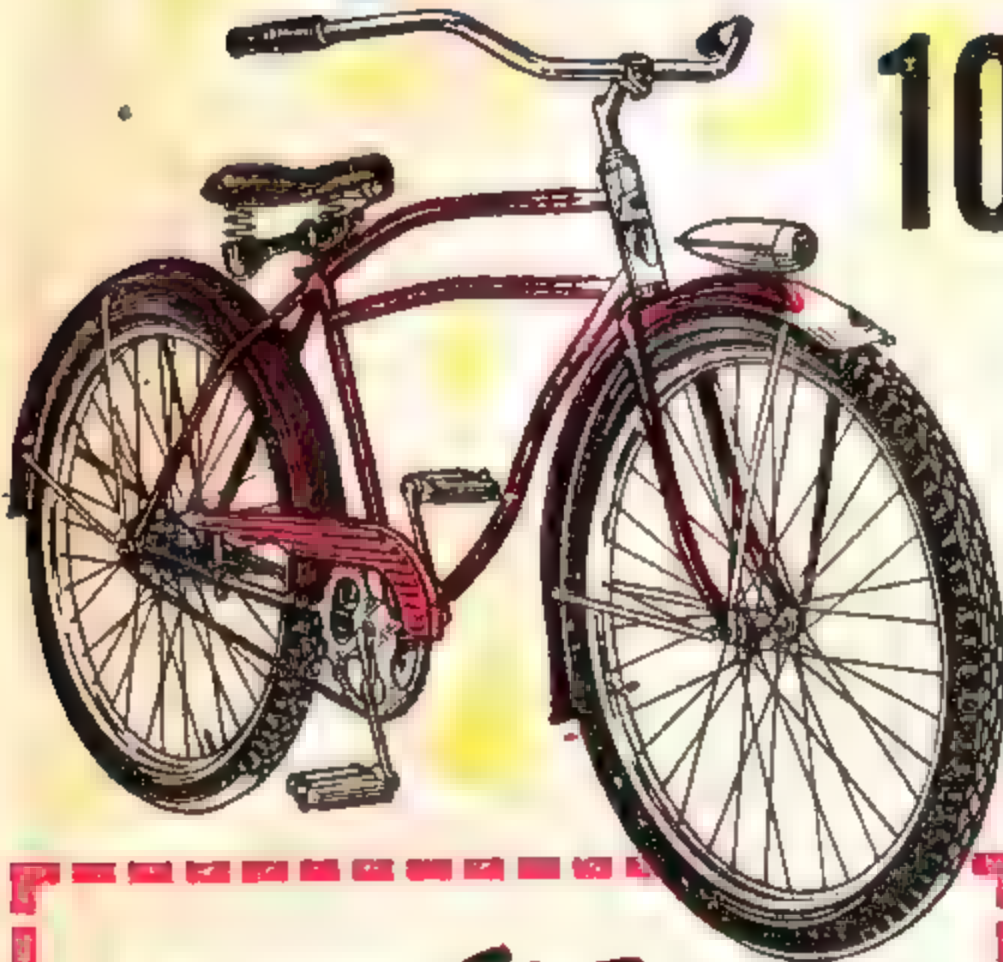
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

WIN A BIKE!

1000

Columbia

BICYCLES!



AMERICA'S *First* BICYCLE!

THE NEW 1947 *Columbia*

Complete with America's Finest Equipment, Famous New Departure Coaster Brake, Goodyear All weather Long wearing Balloon Tires, Torrington Rustless Spokes, Electric Headlight, Kick-up Parking Stand, Chrome-plated Rims, many exclusive Columbia features.



BOY'S MODEL in bright, sparkling Red. **GIRL'S MODEL** in smart Teal Blue. High-styled in brilliant, baked-on Automobile Enamel. Gleaming Ivory trim and striping.

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Use entry blank. Or print name for bike you expect to win on a separate sheet of paper. Add your name and address. Include Wheaties box top. Send to GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 257, 623 Marquette, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Envelope must be postmarked before midnight February 10, 1947.
2. Submit as many names as you wish, but be sure to send a separate Wheaties box top with each entry.
3. Names will be judged (on basis of suitability, uniqueness, and originality) by Professor Lloyd, D. Herrold, Northwestern University. Decision of judge will be final.
4. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. All entries become property of General Mills, Inc.
6. This contest is open to anyone living in the continental United States, except employees and families of employees of General Mills, the Westfield Manufacturing Company, and their advertising agencies.

PRIZES IN EASY "NAME-YOUR-BIKE" CONTEST

TIPS TO HELP YOU WIN

Here's your opportunity to win a famous, speedlined Columbia bicycle in an exciting, new Wheaties contest.

It's easy—and it's fun. Name the bike you hope to win. Just like pilots name their planes, drivers name their racers. For example: You might name your bike "Chief" or "Champ Special" or "Red Flyer." You can do lots better. And just think—the first name that pops into your head may win a bike for you. Send in the name you make up with a Wheaties box top right away!

Warning! Contest closes midnight, February 10, 1947. So get busy! Mail your entry today! Remember, you have a thousand opportunities to win a bike.



"Name-Your-Bike" Contest is an extra dividend for eating these sweet-tasting flakes of nourishing whole wheat, Wheaties. Another reason for enjoying a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions"—every morning.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

USE EASY ENTRY BLANK

General Mills, Inc.

Dept. 257, 623 Marquette, Minneapolis, Minn.

Here is the name I would give the Columbia Bike I hope to win.

I enclose ONE Wheaties box top.

Bike Name _____ Please Print

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Contest closes midnight, February 10, 1947.



BILL IS VACATIONING IN TORTUGA, AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF HAITI, ONCE THE LAIR OF THE BUCCANEERS... AND AS HE STROLLS ALONG A BEACH NEAR HIS HOTEL...

THIS SALT AIR IS MAKING ME SLEEPY... THINK I'LL TAKE A QUICK SNOOZE.

BUT AS BILL DOZES, TWO STRANGELY CLAD FIGURES APPROACH...

WHO'S THAT, HAWKINS?

I DUNNO, BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF THEM FANCY PANTS, HE'S NO SEAFARIN' MAN!

BILL WAKES WITH A START...

HEY, EASY WITH THAT BLADE, WHO ARE YOU?

STOW THE TALK, BUCKO! YOU'RE COMIN' WIT' US...METHINKS CAP'N MONTCLAIR WOULD HAVE A WORD WIT' YE...

THAT SHIP! IT WASN'T THERE A MOMENT AGO!

THAT'S THE "BLACK AVENGER"... NOW GET INTO THE BOAT, FANCY PANTS!

AS THE BOAT NEARS THE "BLACK AVENGER"...

I STILL EXPECT TO SEE A HOLLYWOOD CAMERA CREW POP UP!

...ON BOARD...

...AND HE SAYS HIS NAME IS CONGO BILL! WANT ME TO SLIT HIS THROAT, CAP'N?

DESIST, HAWKINS! WE ARE SHORT OF MEN AND WE CAN USE HIM, WHAT SAY YOU, M'SIEU?

I'LL STRING ALONG UNTIL I LEARN WHAT THIS COSTUME PARTY IS ALL ABOUT!

OKAY, CAPTAIN, I'M WITH YOU!

GOOD! I PROMISE YOU PLENTY OF ACTION AND LOOT!

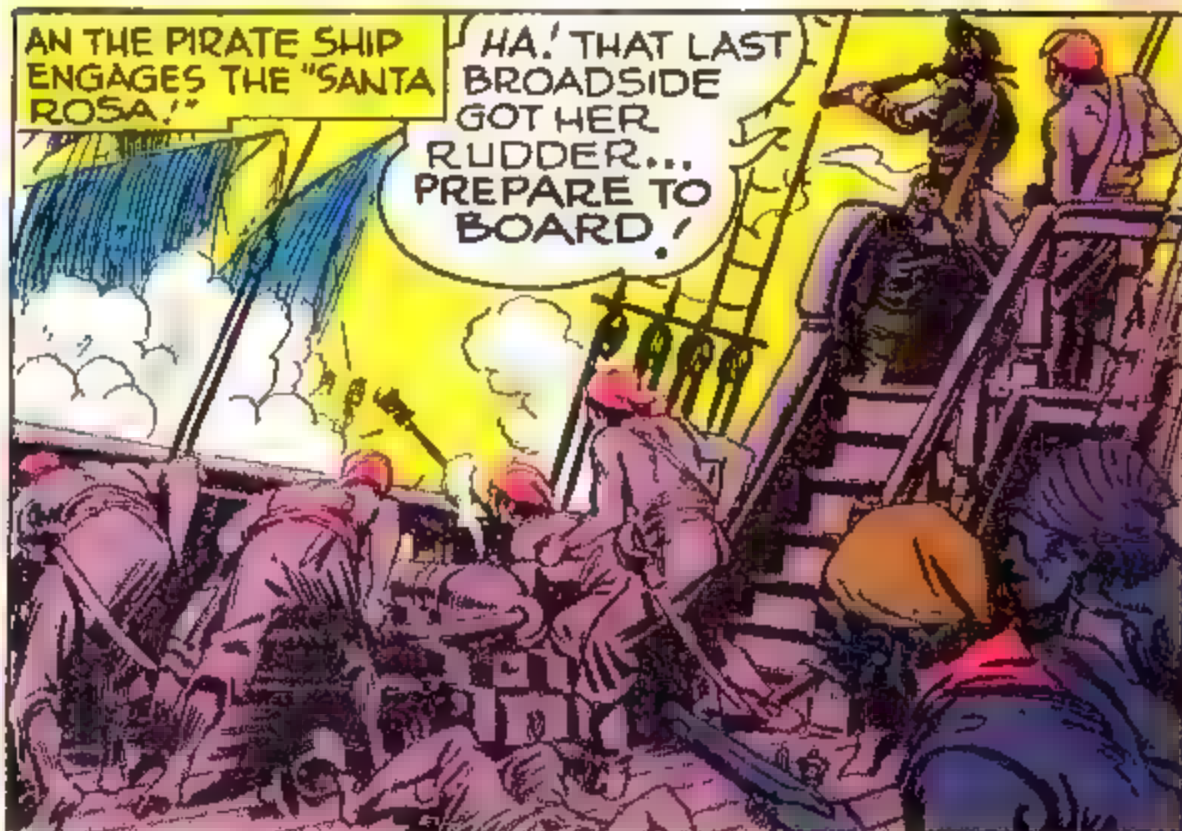
SUDDENLY...

SAIL HO!.. "SANTA ROSA" OFF THE STARBOARD BOW!



AN THE PIRATE SHIP ENGAGES THE "SANTA ROSA!"

HA! THAT LAST BROADSIDE GOT HER RUDDER... PREPARE TO BOARD!



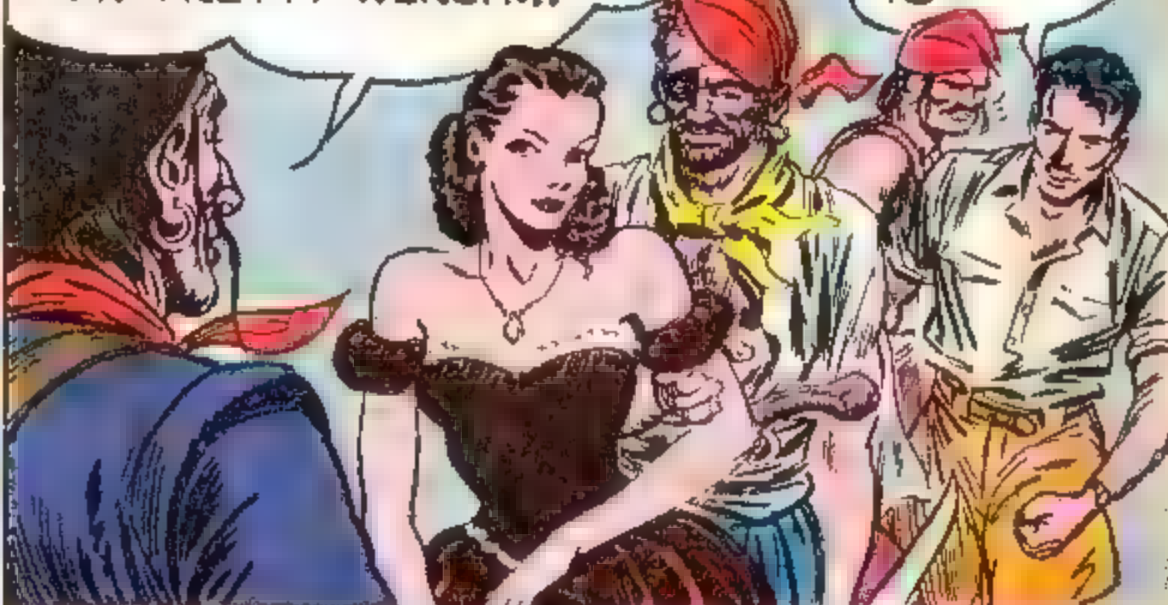
THE PIRATES SWARM OVER THE "SANTA ROSA," CUTTING THE SPANIARDS DOWN LIKE WHEAT..



THE BLOODY BATTLE IS OVER.. THE PIRATE CHIEF TAKES STOCK OF HIS PRIZE...

A HOLD FULL OF SPANISH GOLD AND THE LADY MARIA LOPEZ, DAUGHTER OF THE GOVERNOR OF MARACAIBO... YOU'LL BRING A FAT RANSOM, MY PRETTY WENCH...

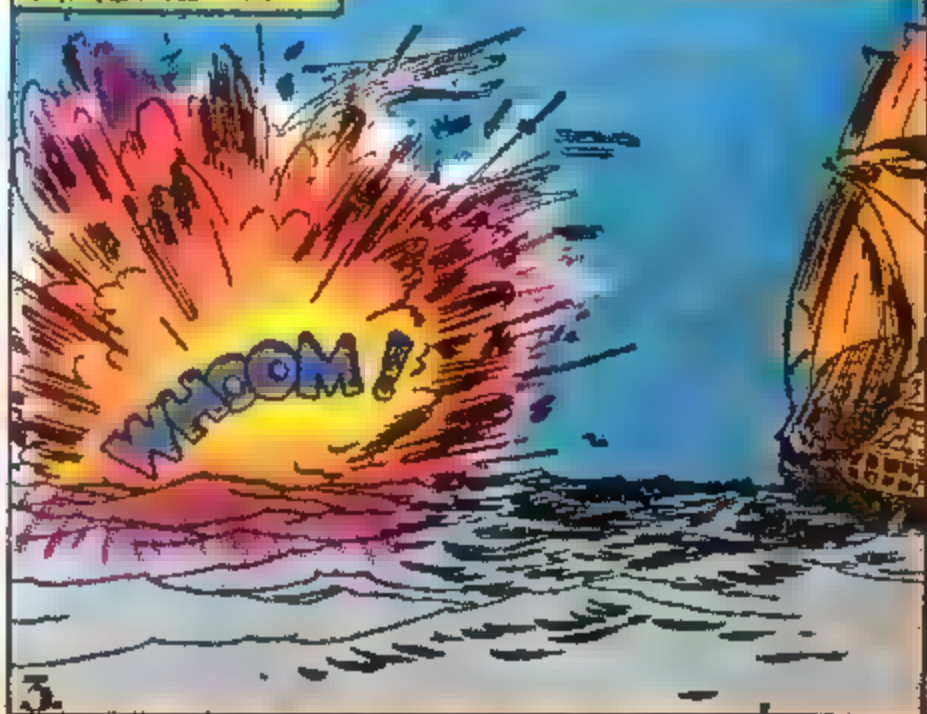
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, MONTCLAIR, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO —



EASY, HAWKINS! DON'T KILL HIM YET! I HAVE PLANS FOR HIM AFTER WE BLOW THE "SANTA ROSA" OUT OF THE CARIBBEAN!



THEN THE "BLACK AVENGER" HEAVES TO AS THE LICKING FLAMES FIND THE "SANTA ROSA'S" POWDER MAGAZINE...



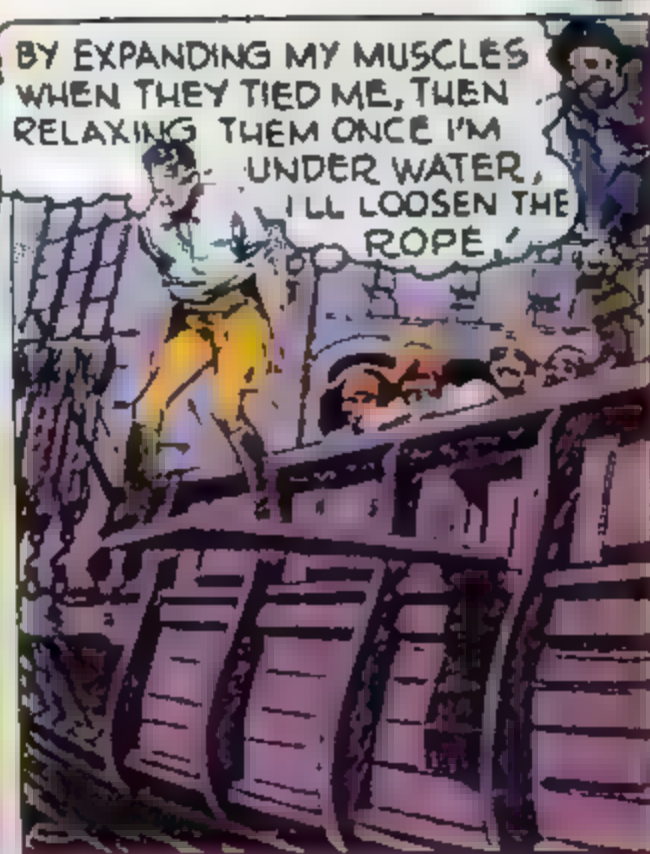
LATER, BILL PROVIDES RECREATION FOR THE PIRATES... BY WALKING THE PLANK!



GO FEED THE FISHES, M'SIEU!

A TRICK I LEARNED IN INDIA SHOULD SAVE ME!

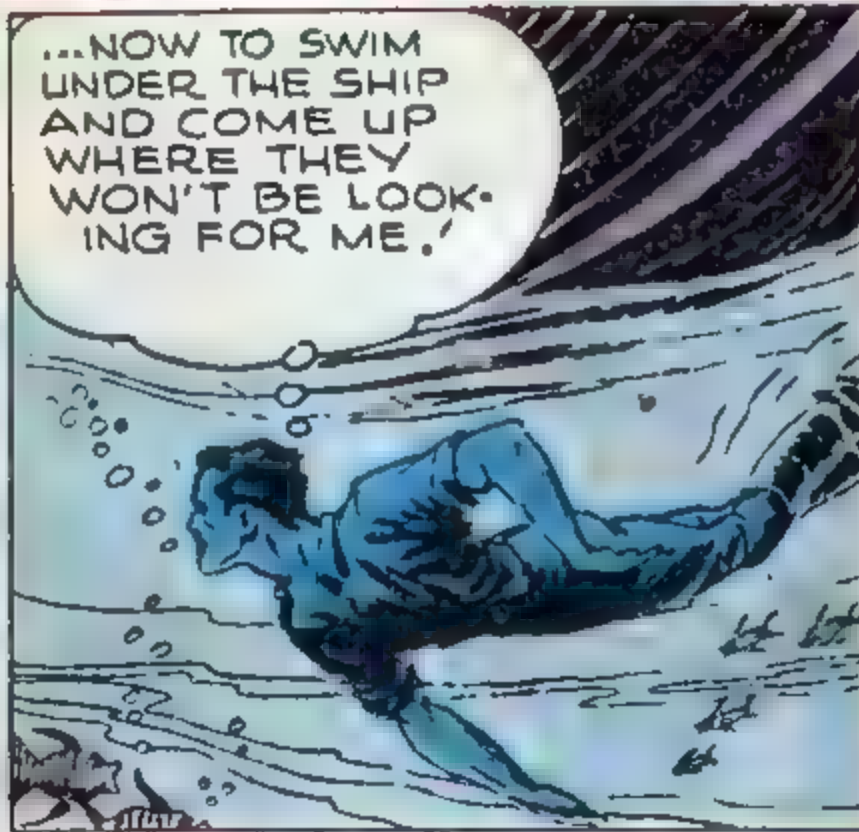
BY EXPANDING MY MUSCLES WHEN THEY TIED ME, THEN RELAXING THEM ONCE I'M UNDER WATER, I'LL LOOSEN THE ROPE!



DOWN GOES CONGO BILL TO THE SEA DEPTHS, SLIPPING FROM HIS BONDS!



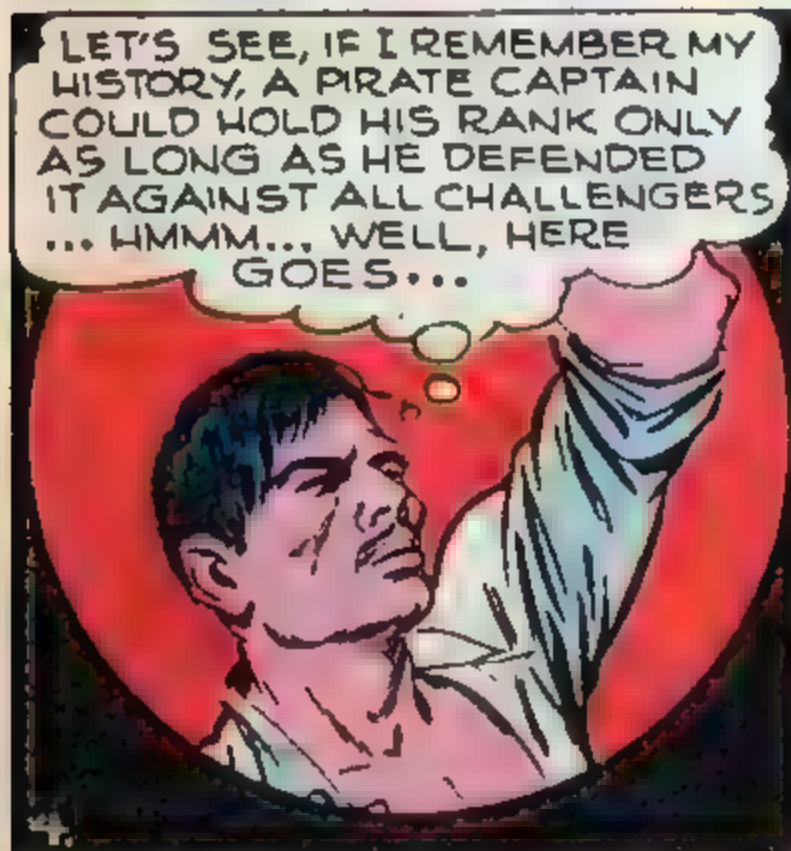
...NOW TO SWIM UNDER THE SHIP AND COME UP WHERE THEY WON'T BE LOOKING FOR ME!



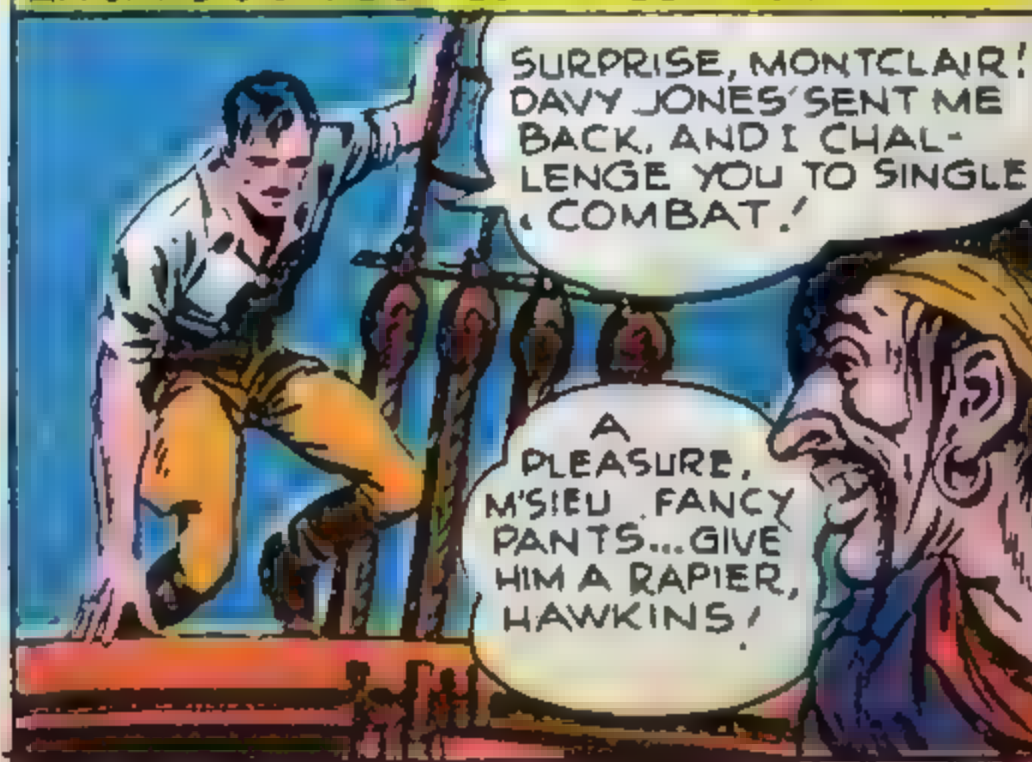
HE MAKES IT! BUT WHAT NOW? HE PAUSES FOR BREATH AND...



LET'S SEE, IF I REMEMBER MY HISTORY, A PIRATE CAPTAIN COULD HOLD HIS RANK ONLY AS LONG AS HE DEFENDED IT AGAINST ALL CHALLENGERS ... HMMM... WELL, HERE GOES...

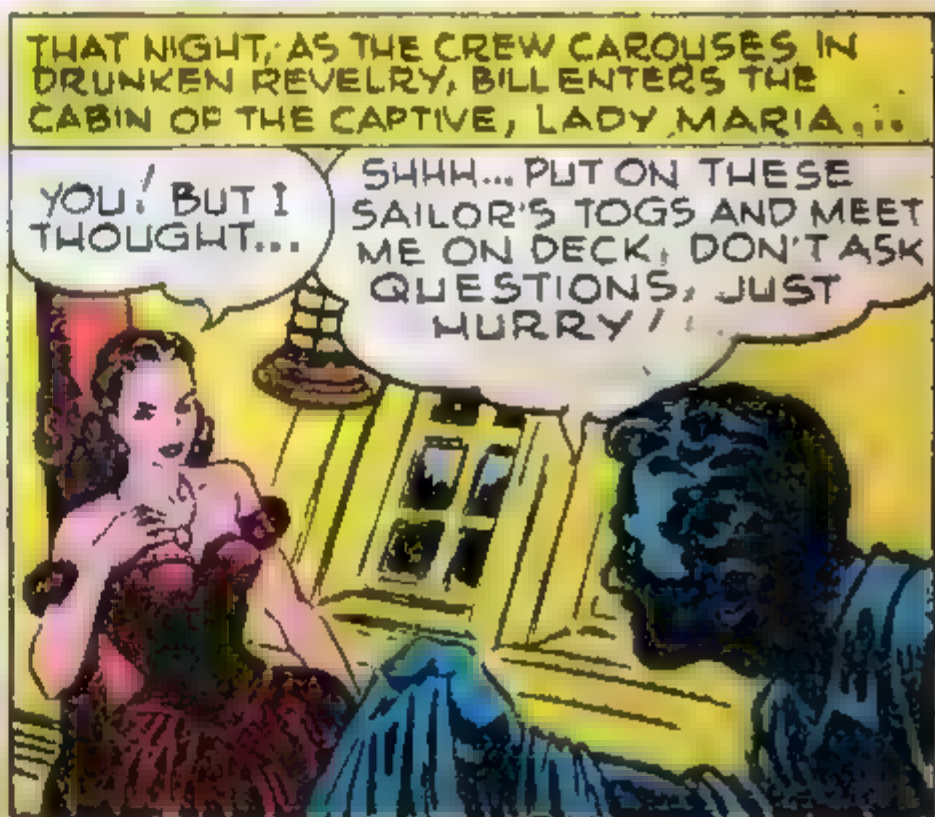
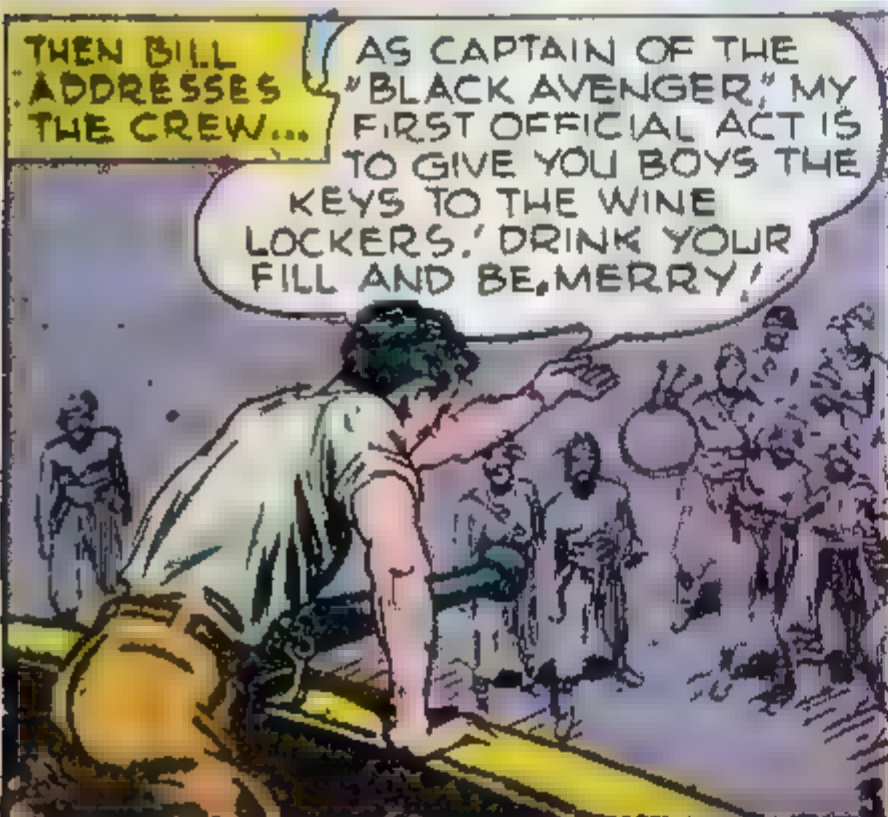
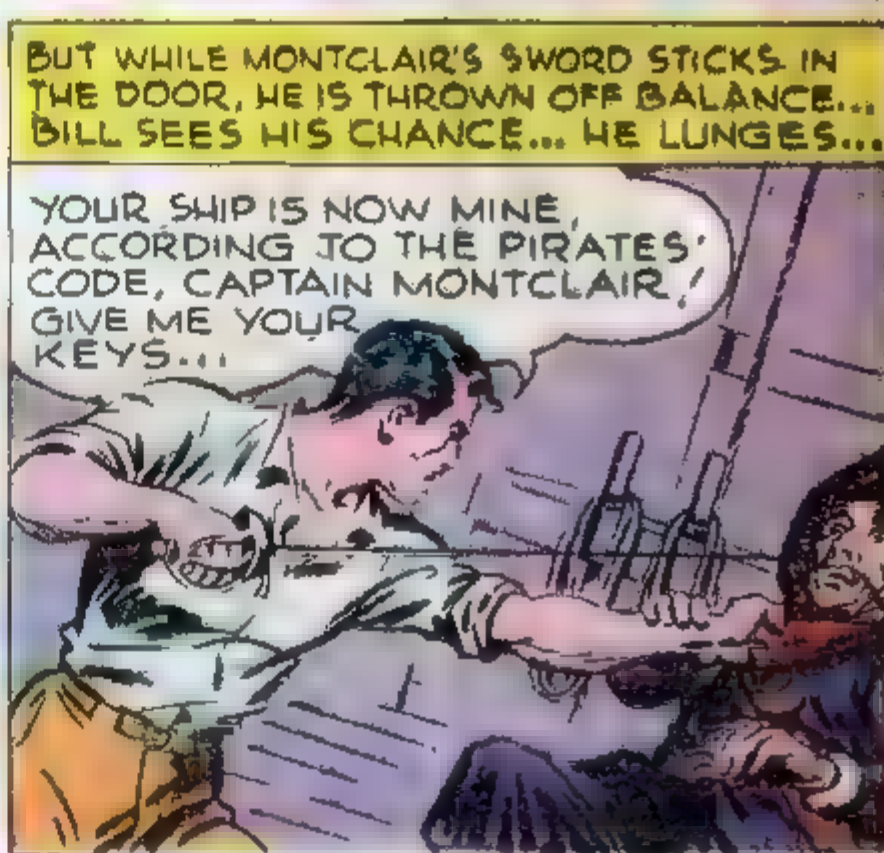
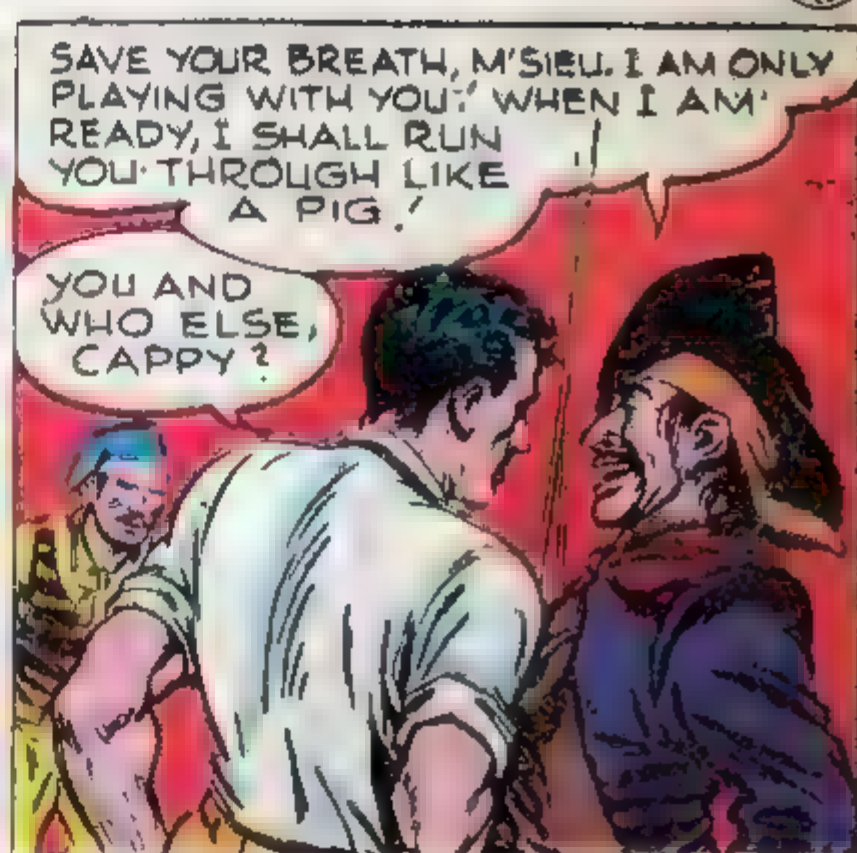
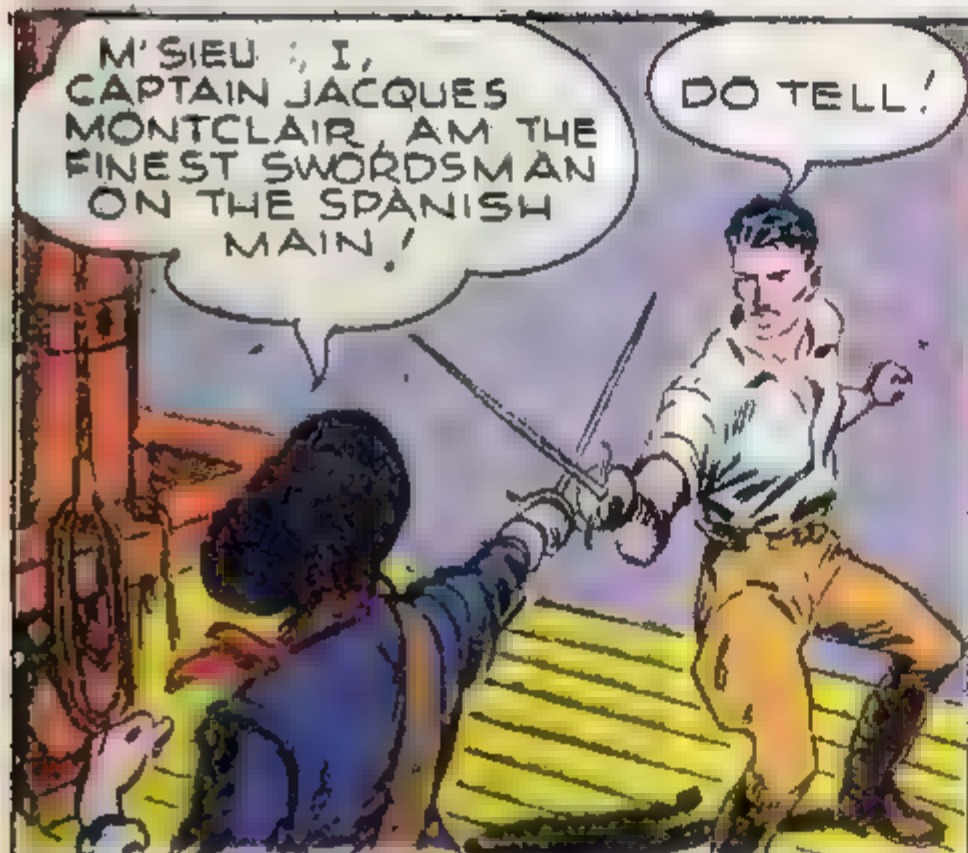


THE PIRATES GAPE IN AMAZEMENT AS BILL APPEARS ON THE OPPOSITE BULWARK!



SURPRISE, MONTCLAIR! DAVY JONES SENT ME BACK, AND I CHALLENGE YOU TO SINGLE COMBAT!

A PLEASURE, M'SIEU. FANCY PANTS... GIVE HIM A RAPIER, HAWKINS!

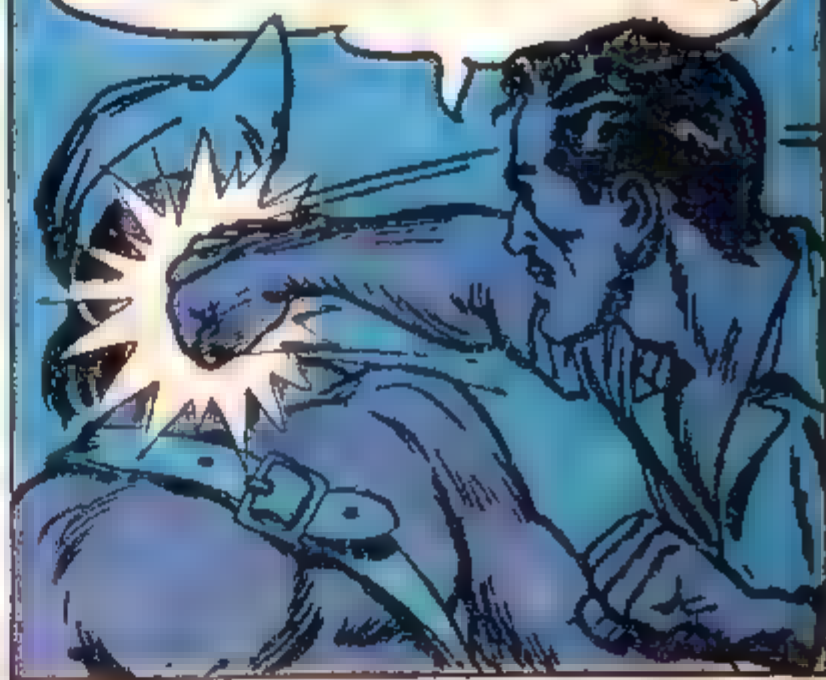


AFTER CRIPPLING THE SHIP'S STEERING GEAR, BILL AND THE GIRL ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE THE SHIP WHEN...

SO, CAP'N, YOU'RE RUNNING OFF WIT' OUR PRIZE CAPTIVE? AIM TO COLLECT THE RANSOM FOR Y'SELF, EH?



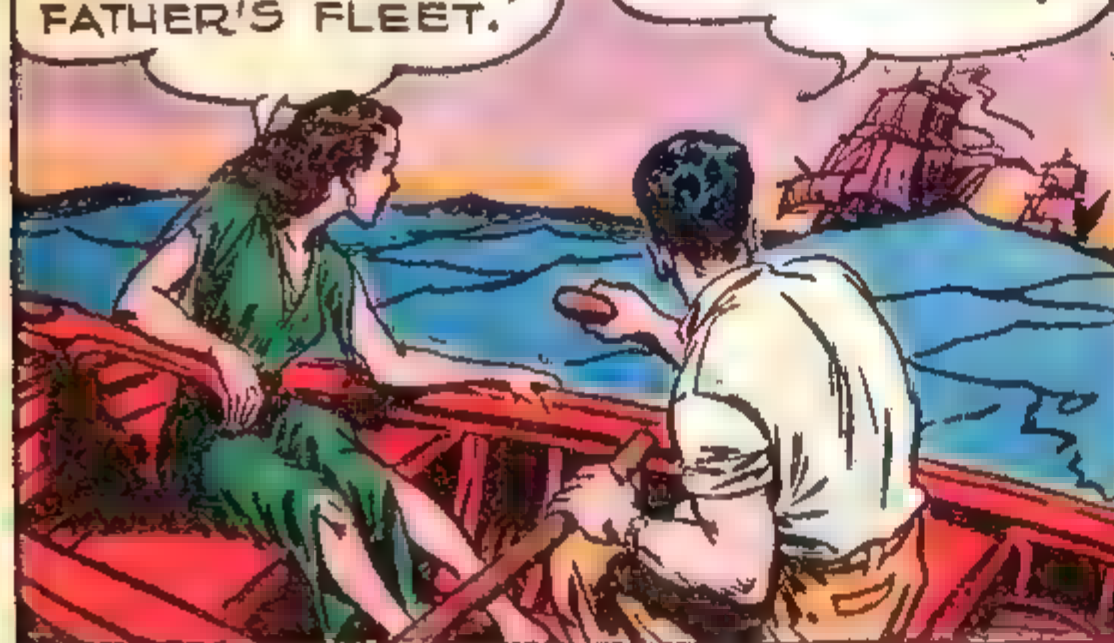
I'VE GOT NO TIME TO BICKER, HAWKINS! TAKE THIS-AND SLEEP WELL!



BILL AND MARIA SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE OPEN BOAT, ROWING TOWARD MARACAIBO...AT DAWN..

BILL! LOOK! SHIPS OF MY FATHER'S FLEET.

AND AM I GLAD TO SEE THEM!



ON BOARD THE GOVERNOR'S SHIP..

...AND MY FORTUNE IS YOURS, SENOR, FOR SAVING MY DAUGHTER FROM THAT DEVIL, MONTCLAIR!



I SAY, MARIA, WHAT YEAR IS THIS?

YOU JOKE, SENOR... IT IS 1646, OF COURSE! AND HERE IS MY LOCKET AS A TOKEN OF MY GRATITUDE!



CONGO BILL, WAKE UP! LUNCH IS READY...

WHAT? OH, YES... GREAT SCOTT, I WAS DREAMING...



HELLO, WHAT'S THIS? A LOCKET WITH A SPANISH INSCRIPTION... BUT IT WAS ONLY A DREAM... OR WAS IT?



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Most Famous Boys!



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- THE BOY WONDER -

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OF FAMOUS, HARD-HITTING
BATMAN

NOW ON HIS OWN
IN SINGLE-HANDED COMBAT
AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!

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- AND

SUPERBOY

- THE THRILLING, ACTION-
PACKED STORY OF
SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY!

IN EVERY GREAT ISSUE OF
Adventure
COMICS!



BE SURE TO GET THESE TWO GREAT
MAGAZINES AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN



MEET DR. MACE, READER! HE CAN CURE ANYTHING - IN ANY ANIMAL... BUT WHEN A NEW KIND OF RAT CALLS ONE DAY FOR AN EMERGENCY OPERATION - AND WHEN HIS SNARLING PATIENT GETS IN A FEVERISH FRENZY - DR. MACE IS HELPLESS... UNTIL ZATARA, WONDER-WORKER EXTRAORDINARY, RISKS DEATH TO APPLY A NEW REMEDY FOR RATS, AND ACQUIRES THE TITLE OF...

DOCTOR OF DANGER!

WE ALL RESPECT A GOOD DOCTOR... BUT WHEN IT COMES TO A BAD ONE...

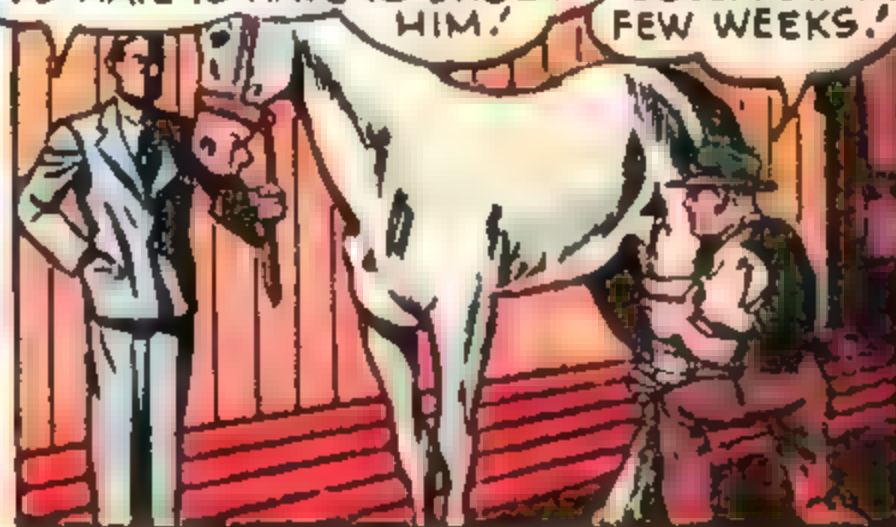
A QUACK! HE'S NEVER CURED A PATIENT YET!

YEAH! HE'S A HORSE DOCTOR!

YES, THERE'S NO TERM OF CONTEMPT MORE BITING THAN HORSE DOCTOR! BUT A REAL HORSE DOCTOR IS ANOTHER MATTER. SO, MEET DR. JOHN MACE...

GOSH, DR. MACE... I HOPE HIS LEG WILL BE ALL RIGHT... I'D HATE TO HAVE TO SHOOT HIM!

HE'LL BE SOUND AS A DOLLAR IN A FEW WEEKS!



YES, DR. MACE IS A GOOD DOCTOR! AND HE HAS MANY GRATEFUL PATIENTS!

HE'S A LOT BETTER, DOCTOR... THANKS TO YOU!

GOOD... BUT DON'T LET HIM OVEREAT!



AND HOW'S THIS PATIENT DOING?

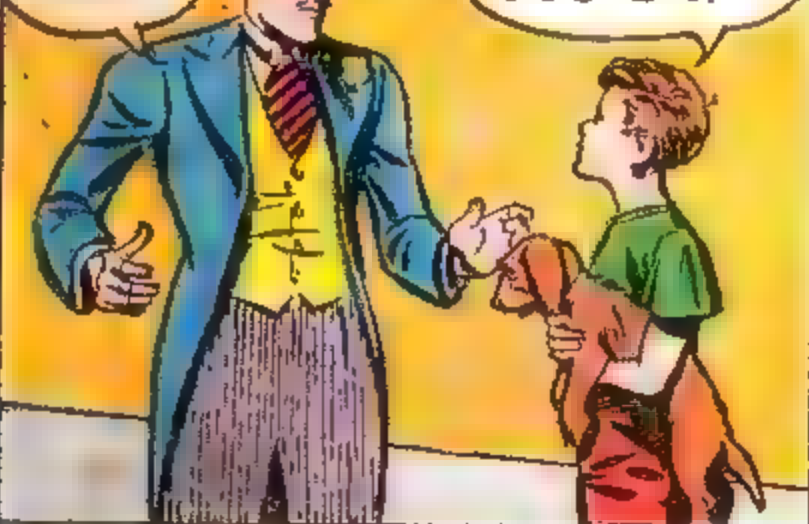
FINE! THAT TONIC YOU LEFT FIXED HIM UP!



MEANWHILE, ON A NEARBY STREET...

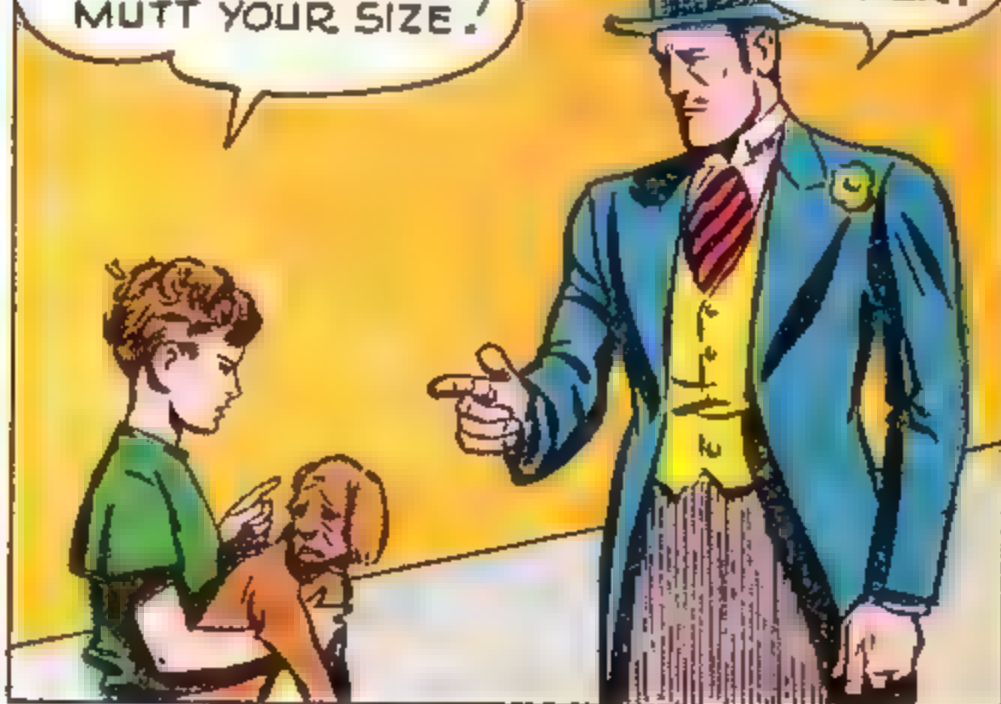
WHEW, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR DOG, SON? IN A FIGHT?

YES, ZATARA... WITH A BIGGER DOG, TOO! NOW I HAVE TO TAKE HIM TO A DOCTOR!



I HOPE THIS TEACHES YOU A LESSON, PEPPER! NEXT TIME PICK A MUTT YOUR SIZE!

BETTER STILL... STAY OUT OF FIGHTS, PEPPER!



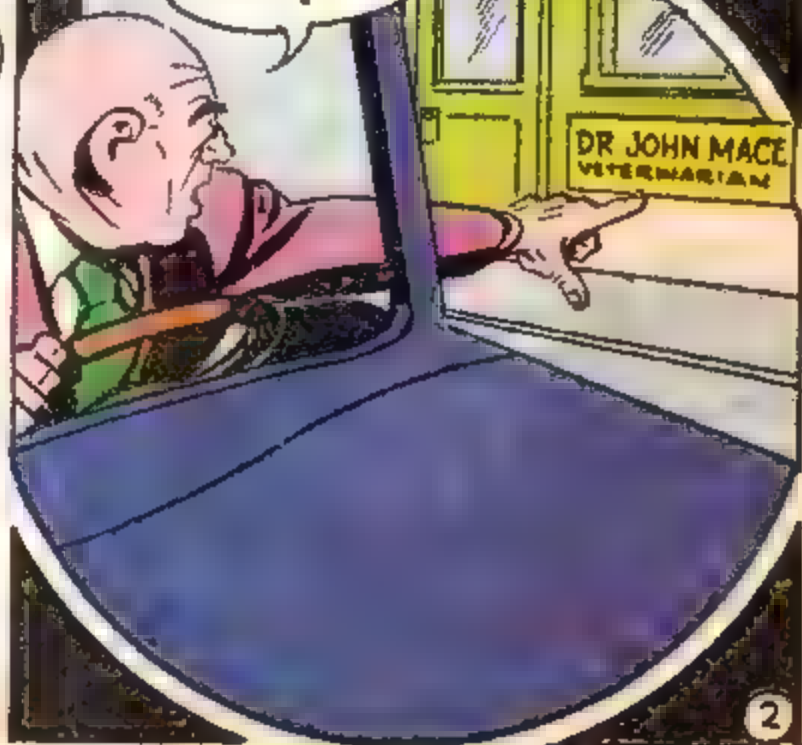
GOOD ADVICE, ZATARA... AND HERE ARE SOME TOUGH CUSTOMERS WHO SHOULD ADOPT IT!

WE SHOULDA KEPT AWAY FROM THEM COPS, EARS... IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THEM WE'D HAVE GOT THAT SILK TRUCK!

YEAH, AND THE DIRTY RATS SHOT THE BOSS! NOW WE GOTTA FIND A DOCTOR...



LOOK! THERE'S ONE!



WHAT A MISTAKE! THEY DIDN'T READ THE SMALL TYPE!

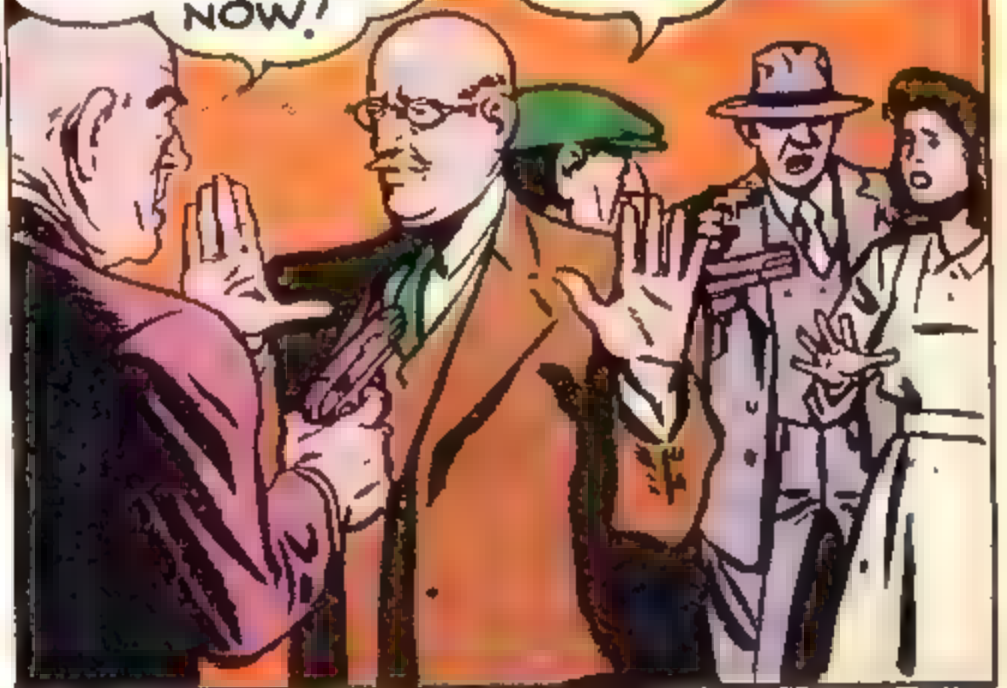
DOC, WE GOT A SICK FRIEND... WANT YOU TO FIX HIM UP, RIGHT AWAY!

BUT THESE ARE MY OFFICE HOURS! I CAN'T LEAVE NOW! BESIDES, I DON'T TREAT—



DON'T GIMME THAT MALARKY! YOU'RE COMING WITH US NOW!

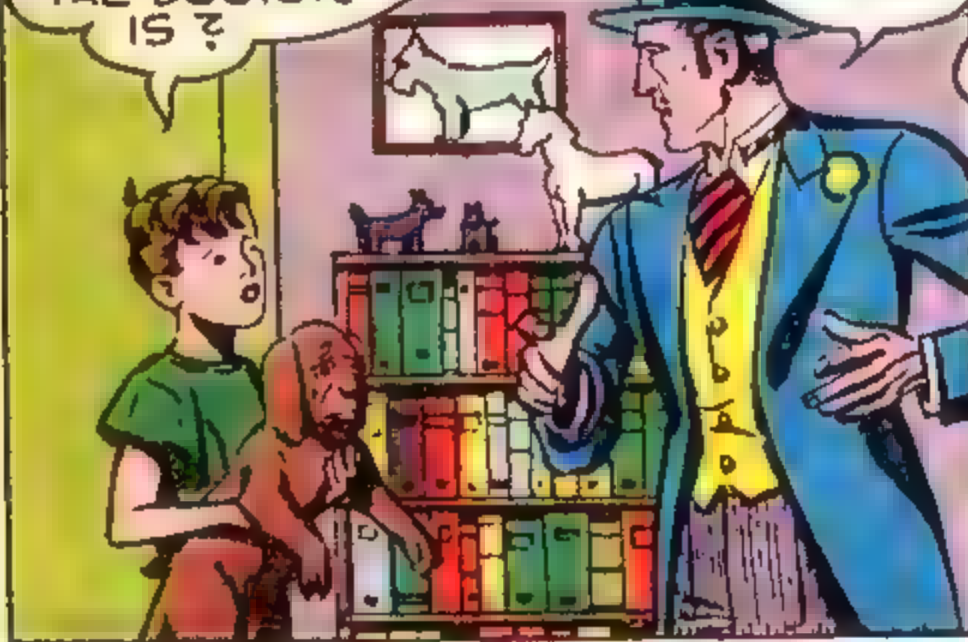
YOU STAY HERE, NURSE ... BUT KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!



AND SO, WHEN ZATARA AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND ARRIVE...

WONDER WHERE THE DOCTOR IS?

HE SHOULD BE HERE... THESE ARE HIS OFFICE HOURS!

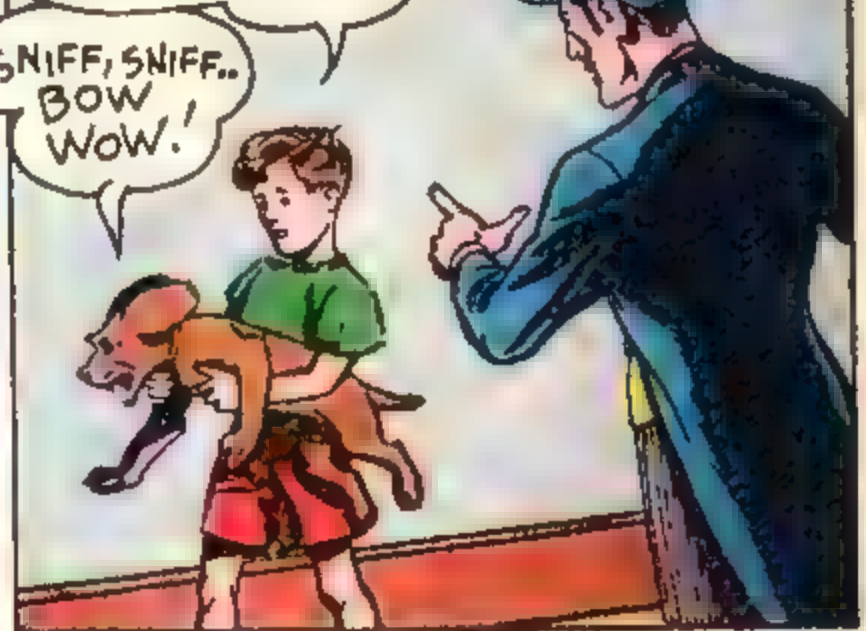


UNEXPECTEDLY...

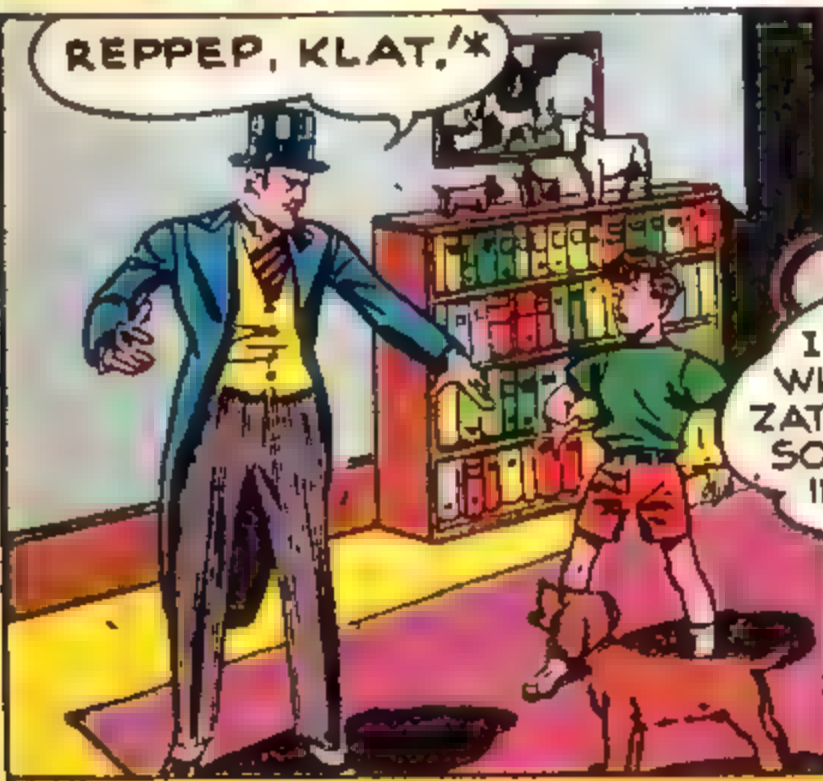
MAYBE HE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED, TO DR. MACE.

HOLD ON, PEPPER... WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?

SNIFF, SNIFF.. BOW WOW!



REPPEP, KLAT,/*

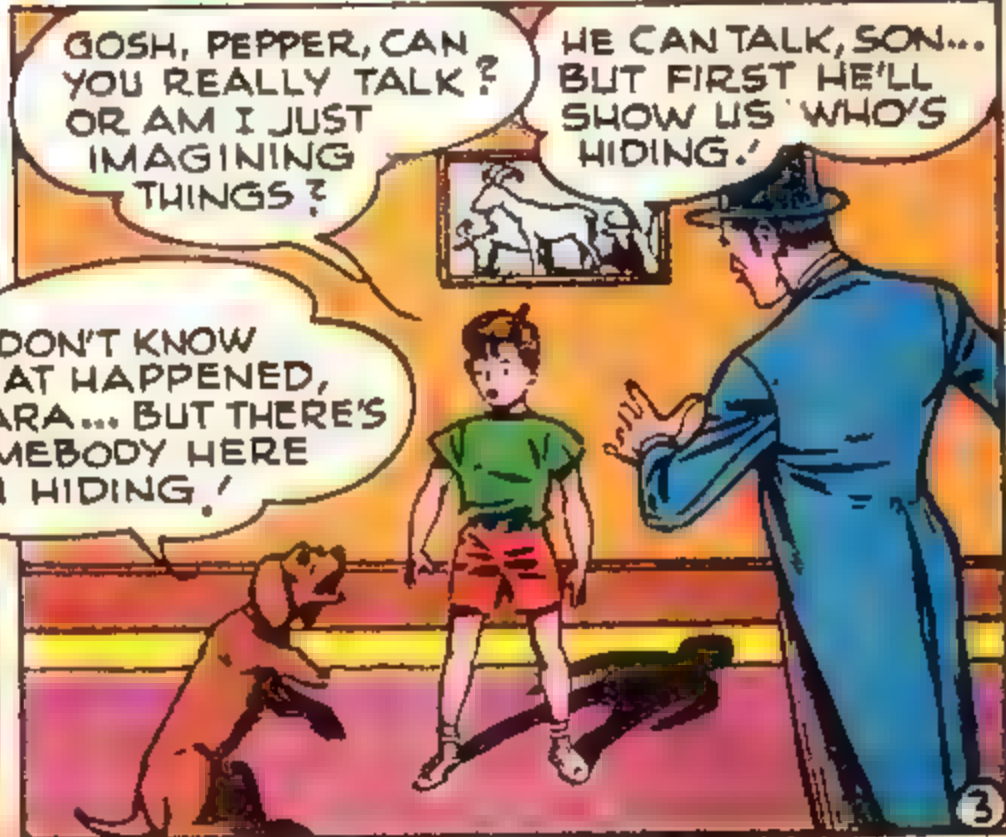


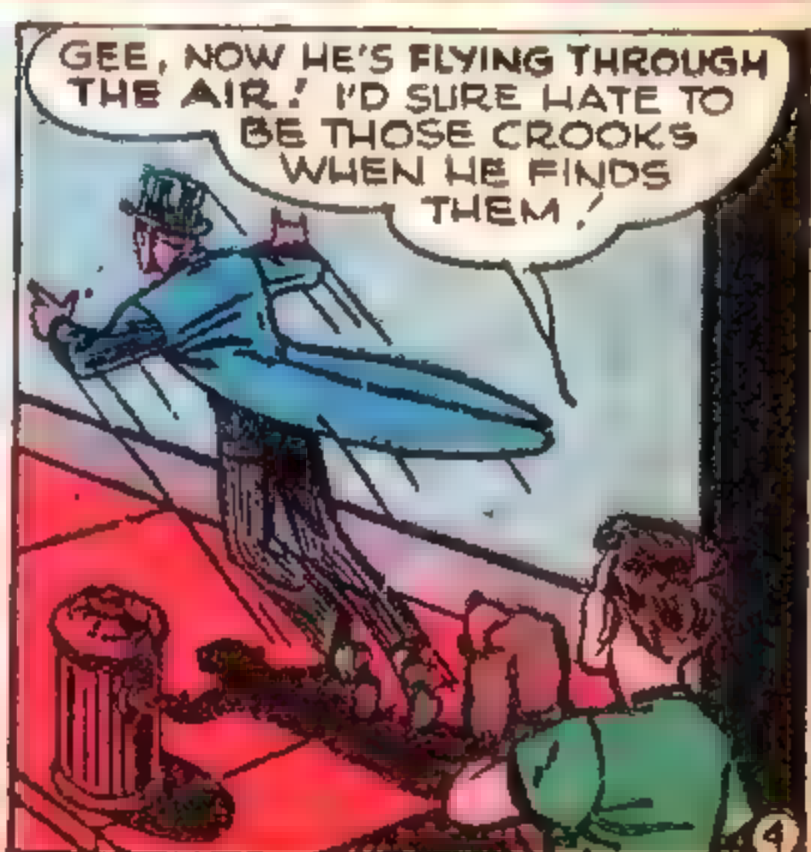
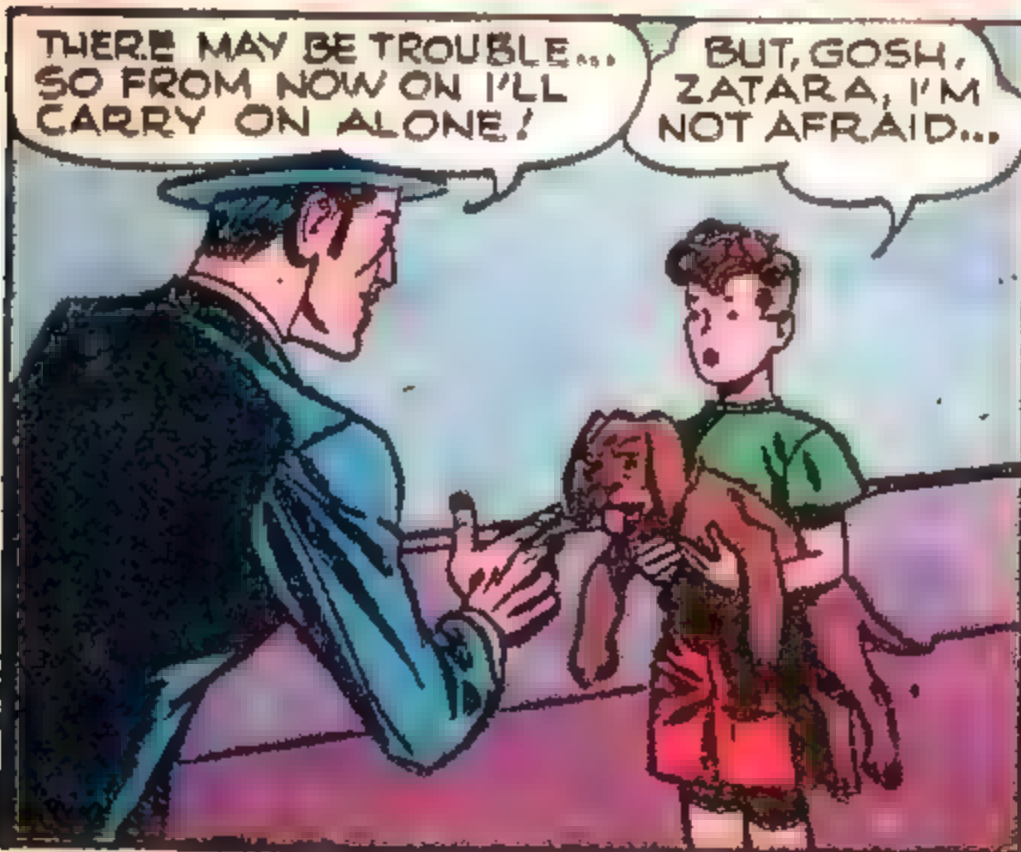
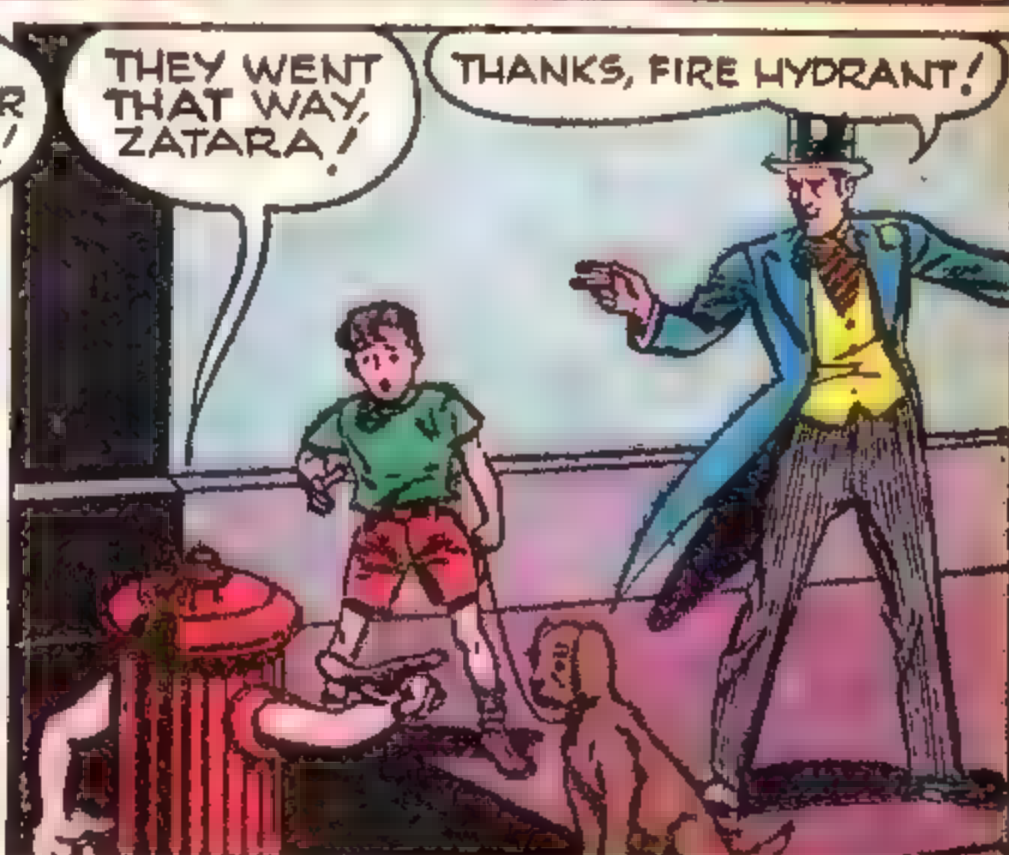
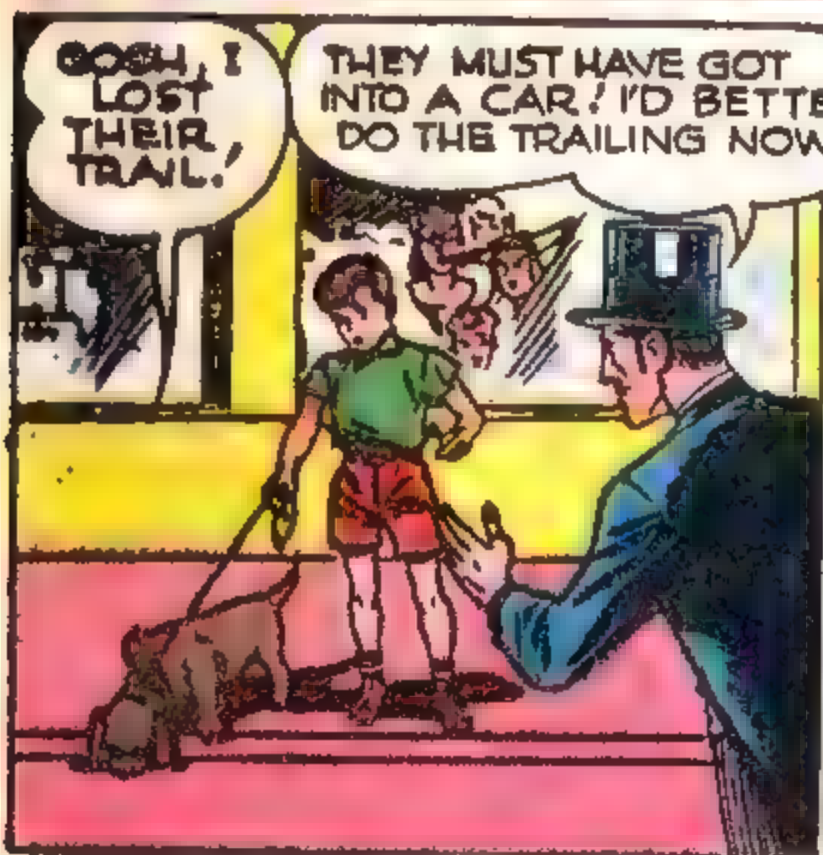
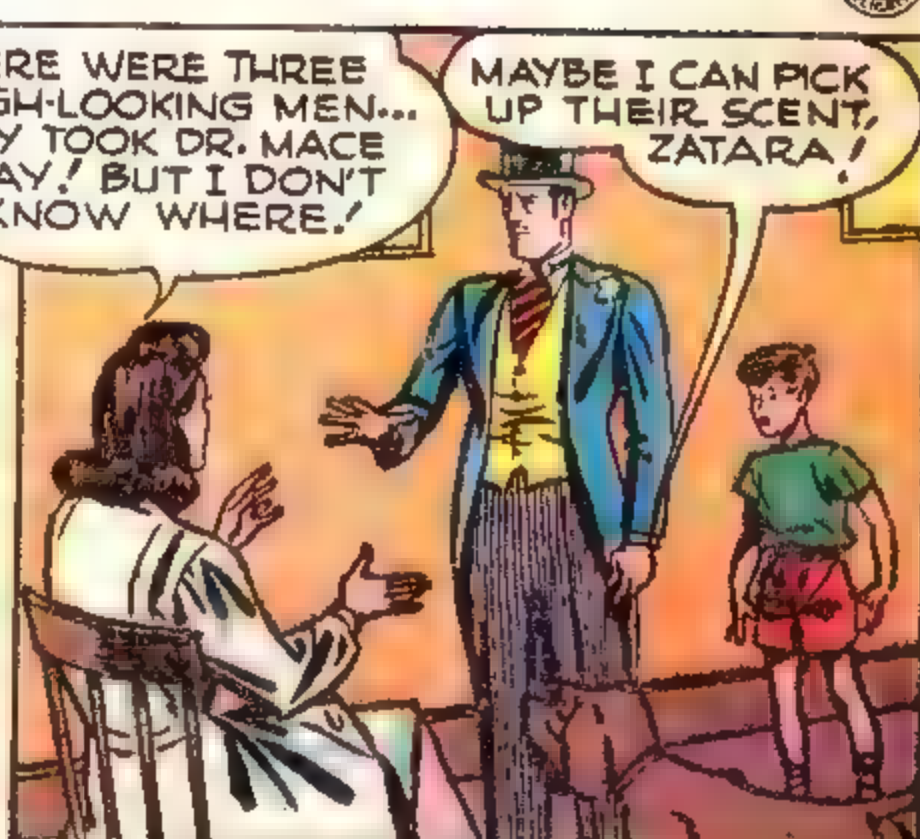
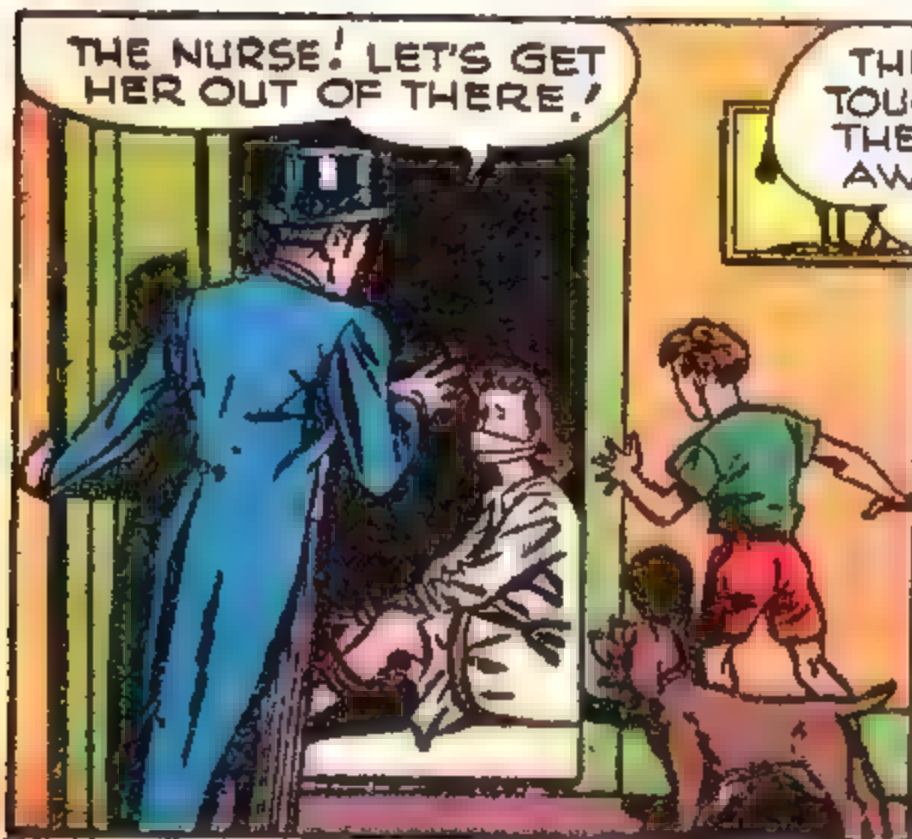
READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.

GOSH, PEPPER, CAN YOU REALLY TALK? OR AM I JUST IMAGINING THINGS?

HE CAN TALK, SON... BUT FIRST HE'LL SHOW US WHO'S HIDING!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, ZATARA... BUT THERE'S SOMEBODY HERE IN HIDING!





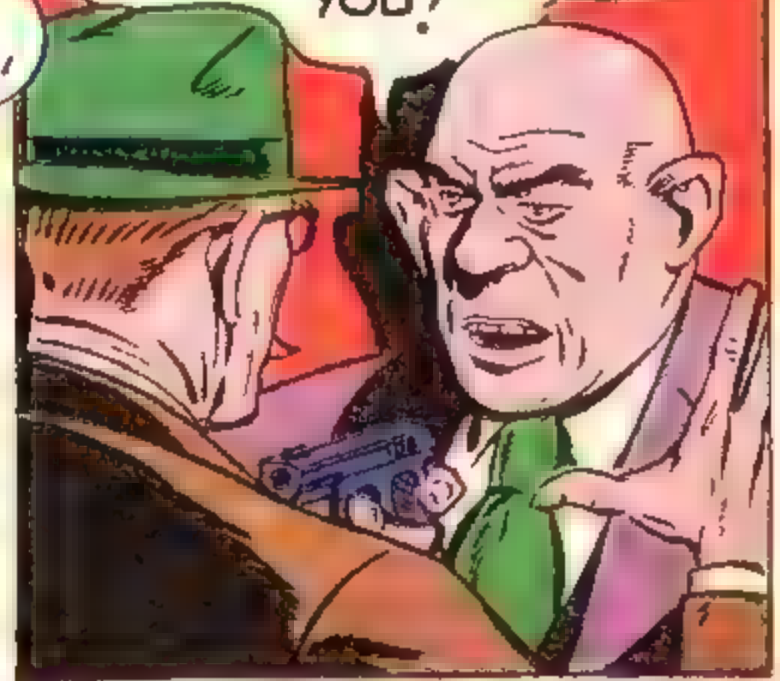
MEANWHILE, BENEATH A GREAT BRIDGE...

HERE'S THE BOSS, DOC!
TAKE THE BULLETS OUT
OF HIM AND FIX HIM
UP!

BUT I'M AN ANIMAL
DOCTOR... IT'S AGAINST
THE LAW FOR ME TO
TREAT HUMAN BEINGS!



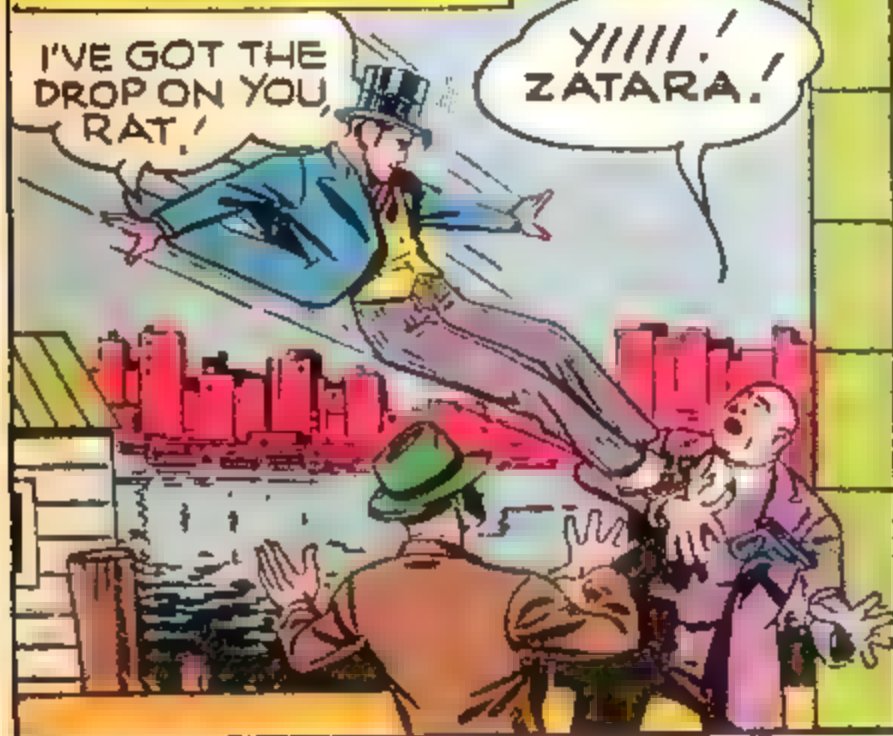
YEAH? EITHER YOU GET THE
BULLETS OUTTA HIM... OR
I'M PUTTIN' SOME INTO
YOU!



BUT AS A MURDEROUS FINGER TREMBLES
ON THE TRIGGER...

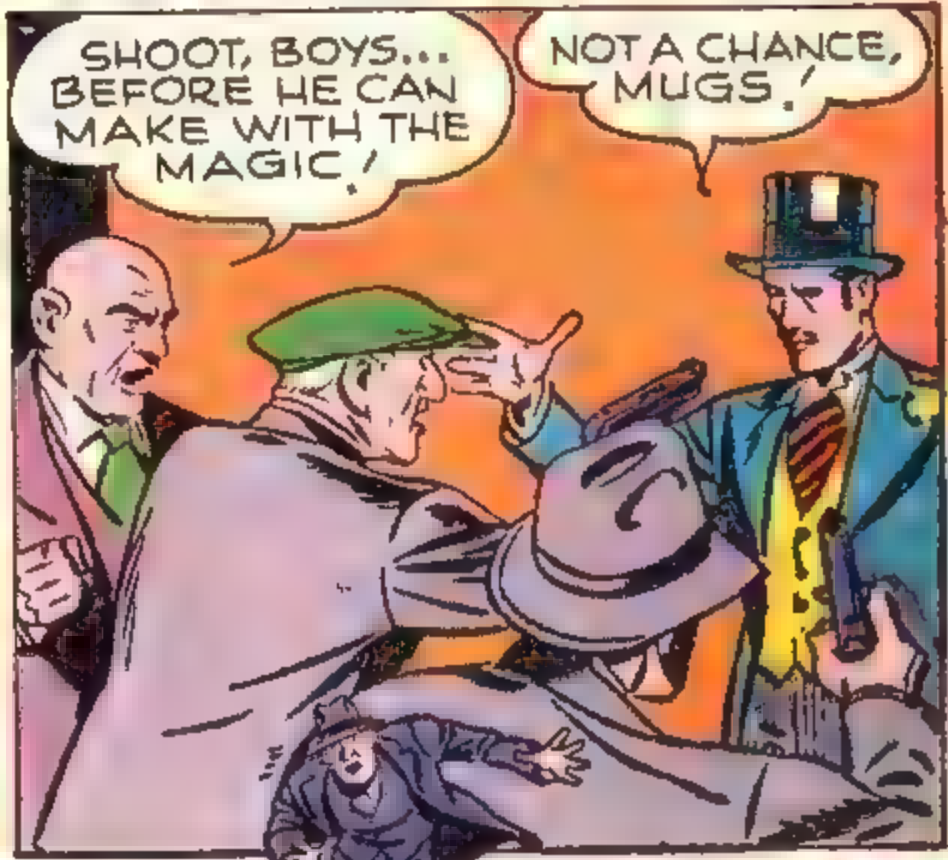
I'VE GOT THE
DROP ON YOU,
RAT!

YIIII!
ZATARA!



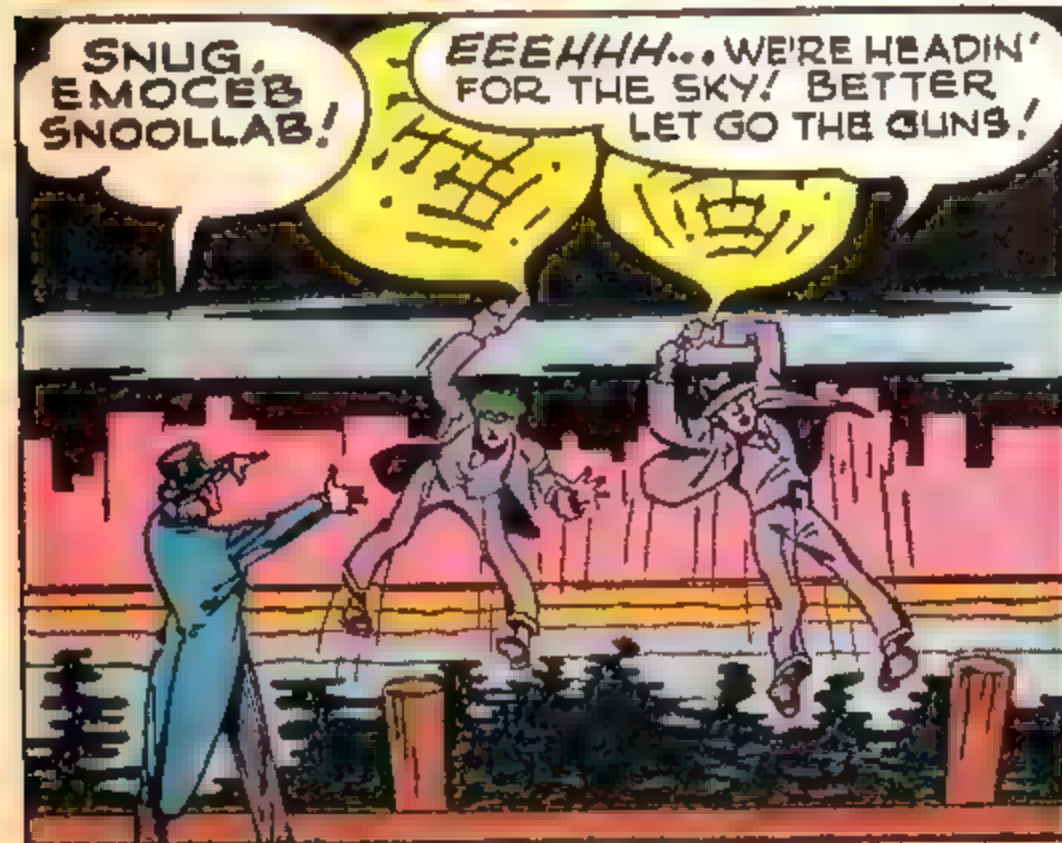
SHOOT, BOYS...
BEFORE HE CAN
MAKE WITH THE
MAGIC!

NOT A CHANCE,
MUGS!



SNUG,
EMOCEB
SNOOLLAB!

EEEEHHH... WE'RE HEADIN'
FOR THE SKY! BETTER
LET GO THE GUNS!

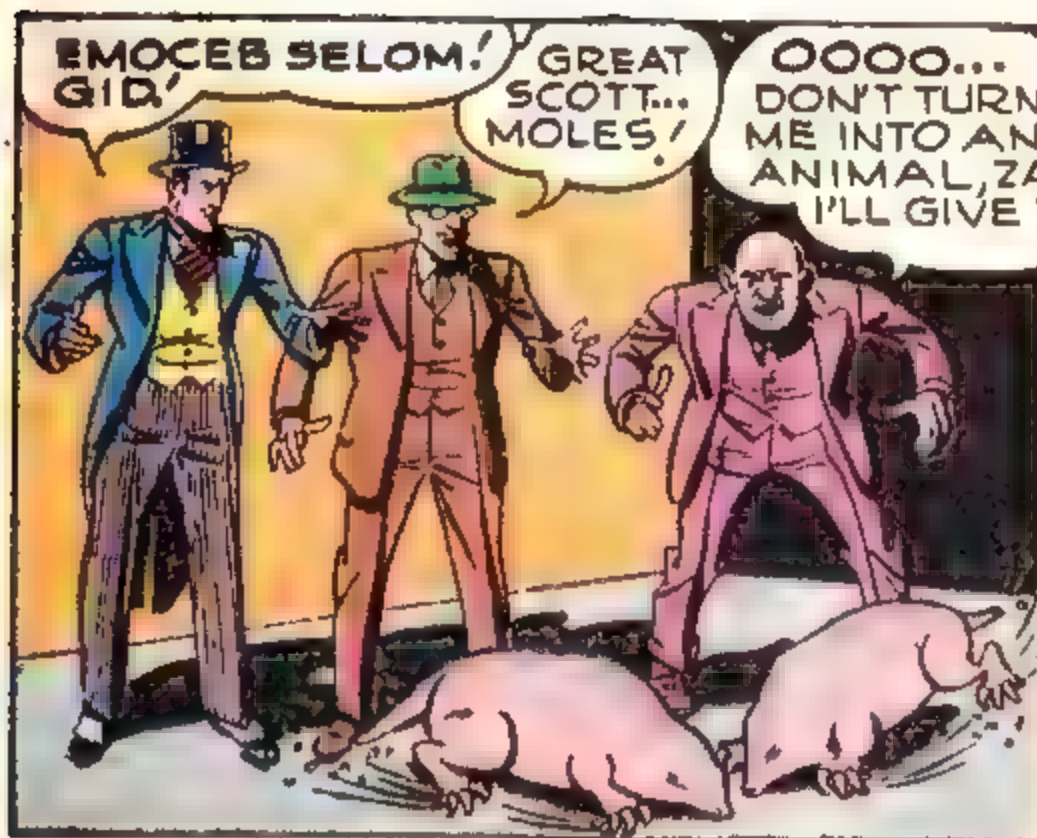


SO YOU PREFER
THE GROUND,
RAT?

OWW!



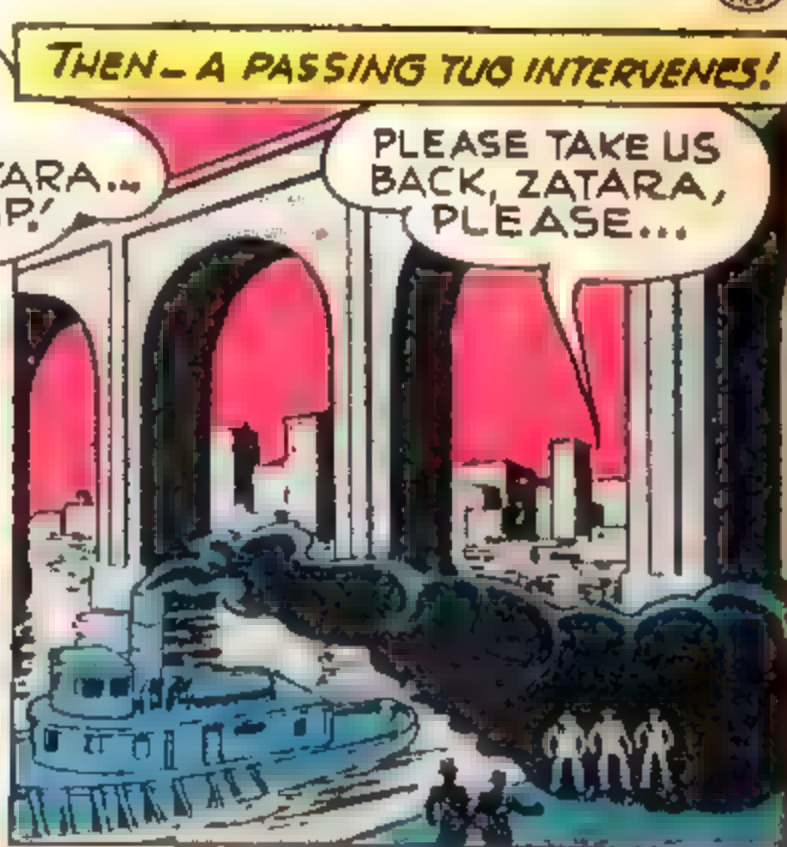
THUMP!



EMOCEB SELOM!
GID!

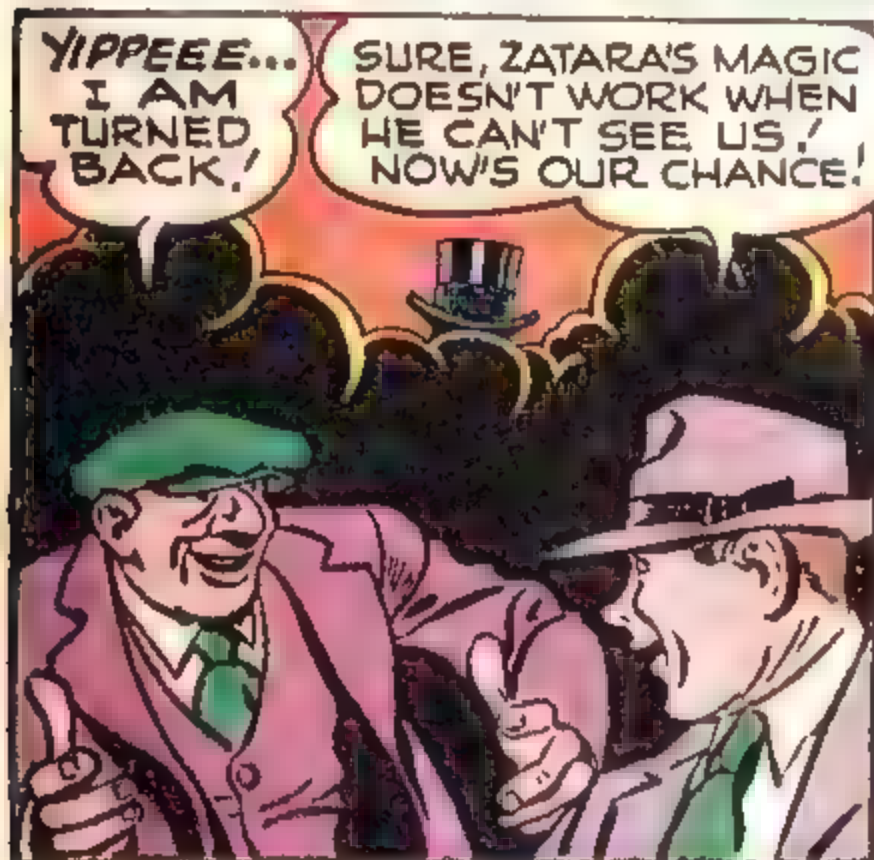
GREAT
SCOTT...
MOLES!

OOOO...
DON'T TURN
ME INTO AN
ANIMAL, ZATARA...
I'LL GIVE UP!



THEN - A PASSING TUG INTERVENES!

PLEASE TAKE US
BACK, ZATARA,
PLEASE...



YIPPEEE...
I AM
TURNED
BACK!

SURE, ZATARA'S MAGIC
DOESN'T WORK WHEN
HE CAN'T SEE US!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE!

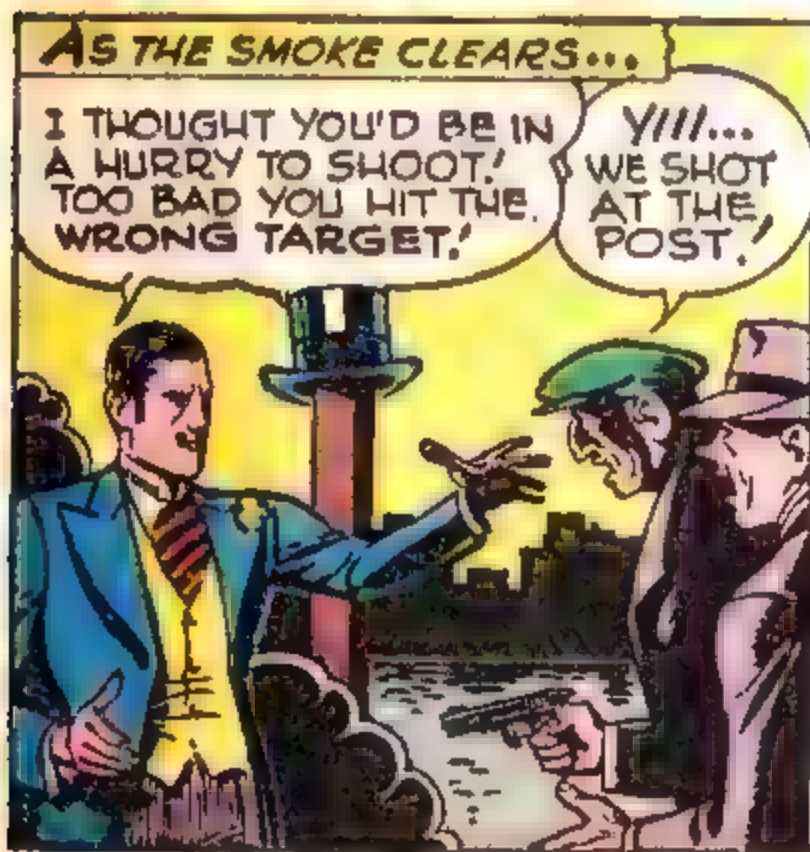


CAN'T MISS HIM
AT THIS RANGE!

BANG!

BANG!

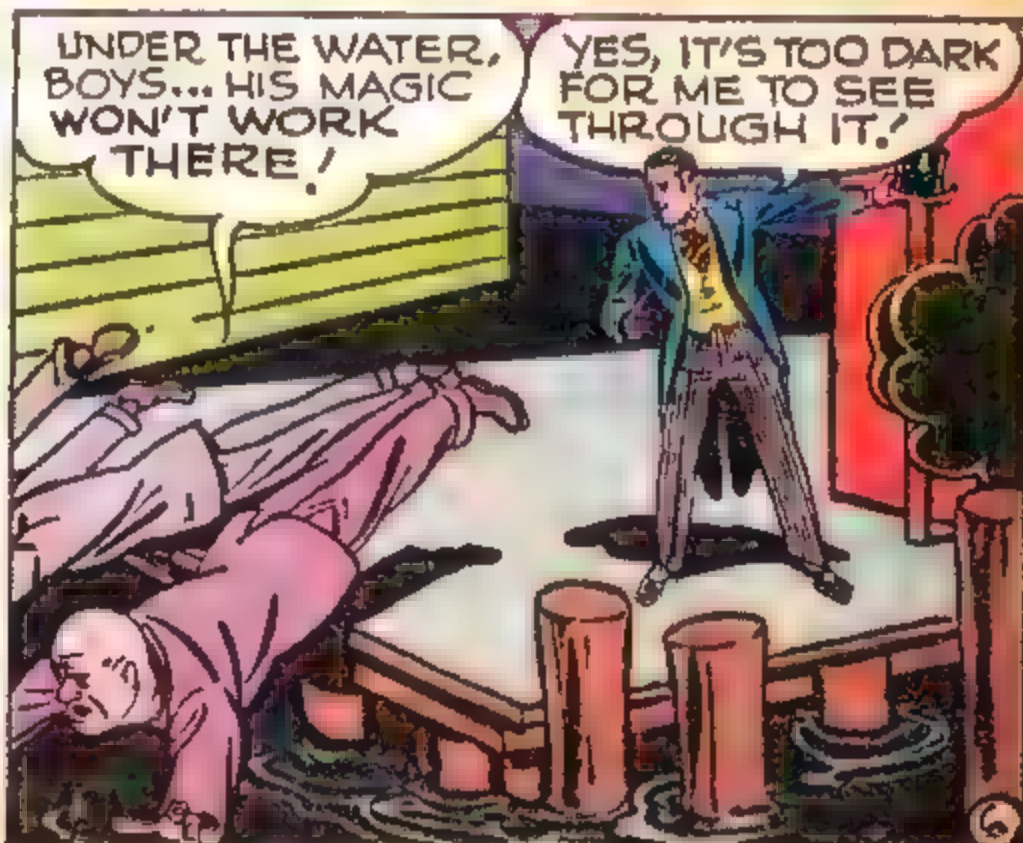
HAS THE GREAT MAGICIAN MET HIS FINISH?



AS THE SMOKE CLEARS...

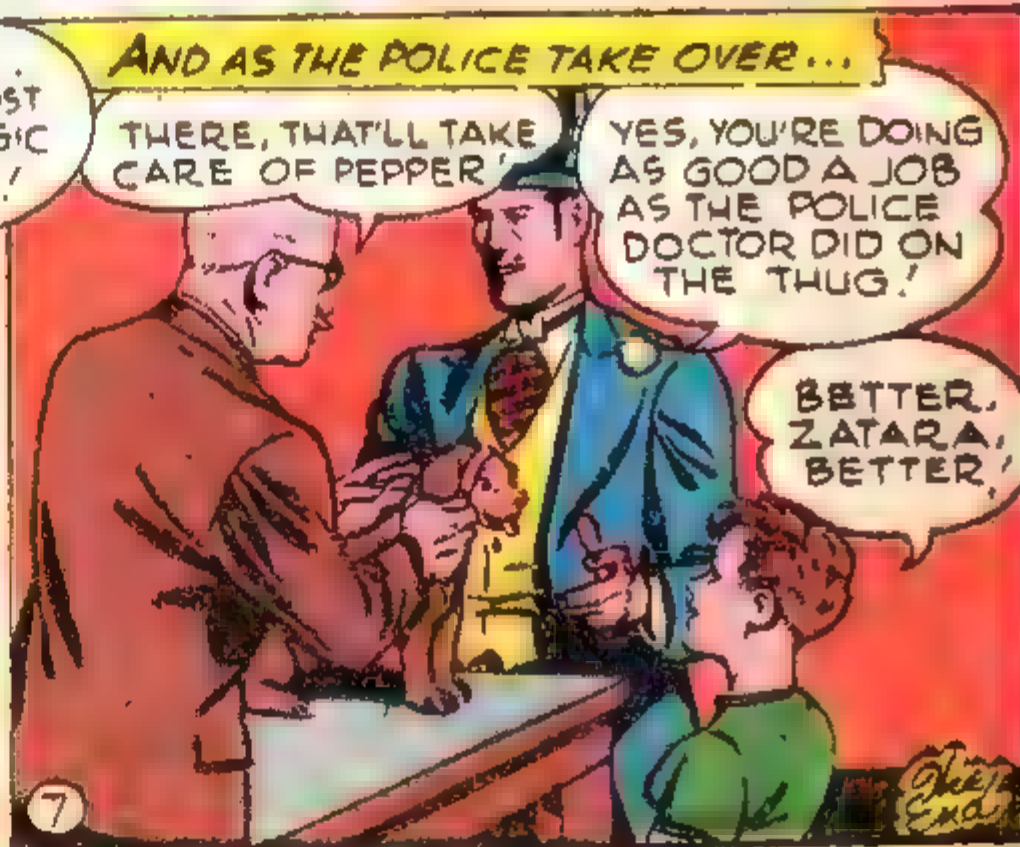
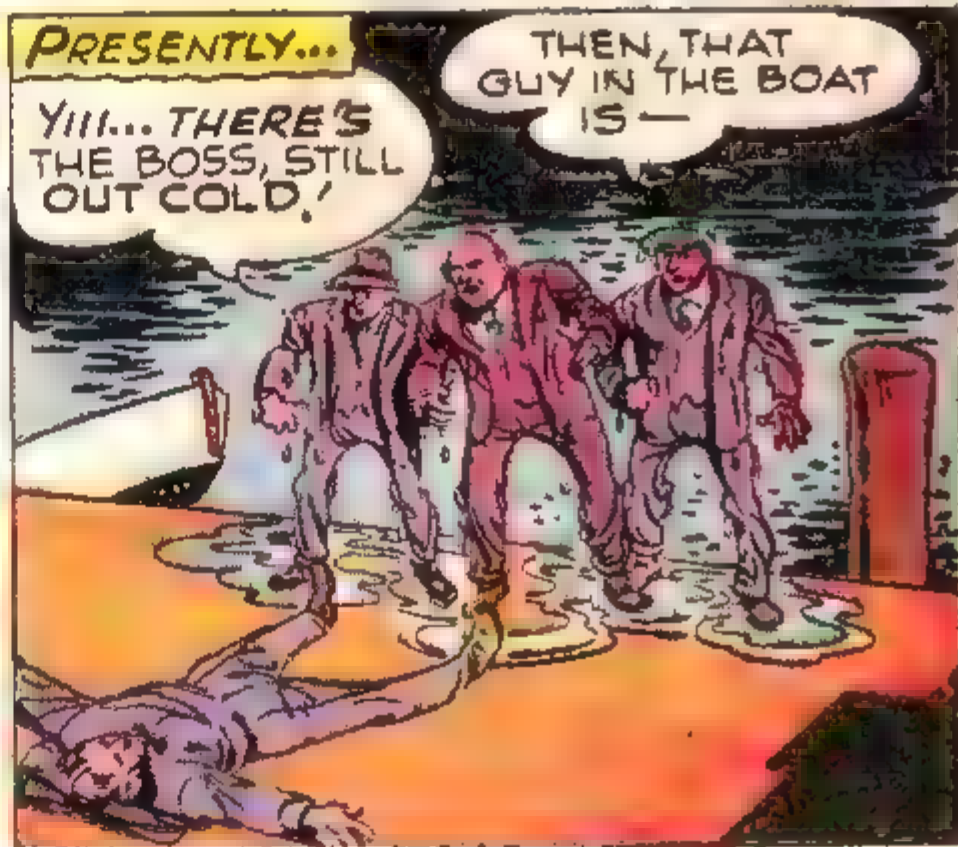
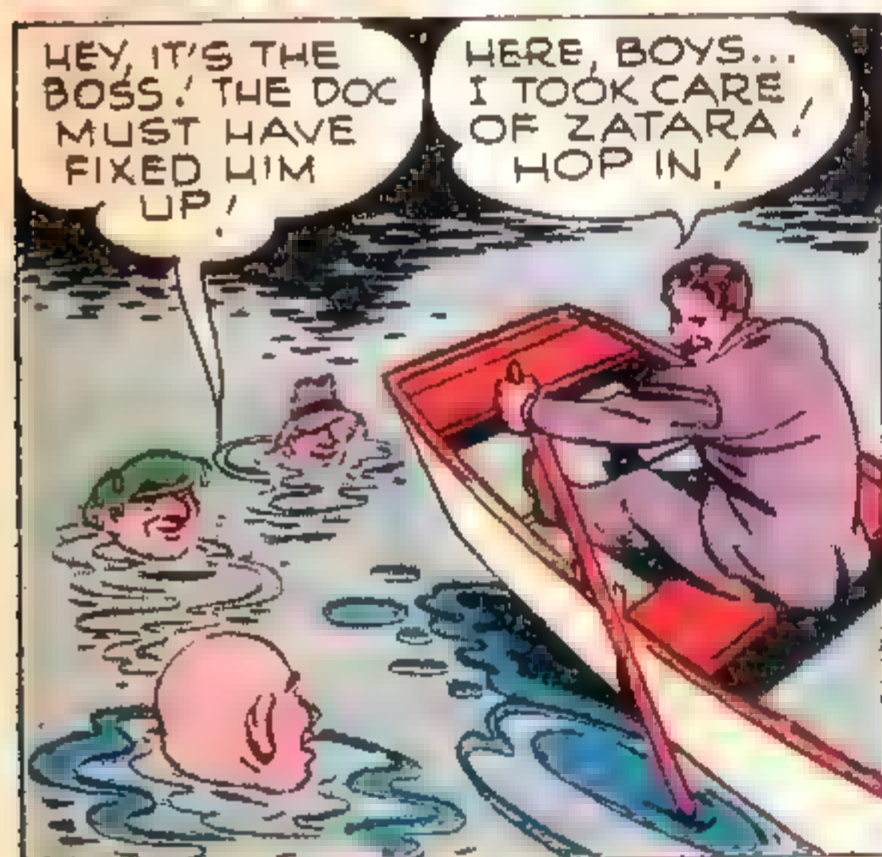
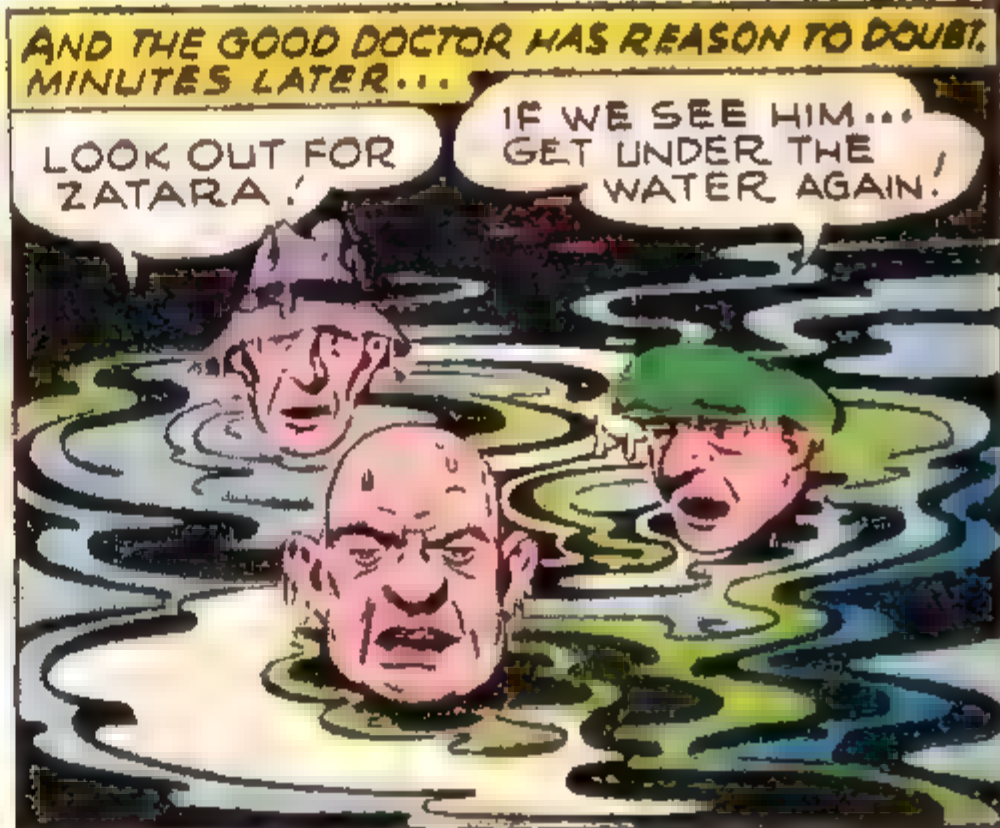
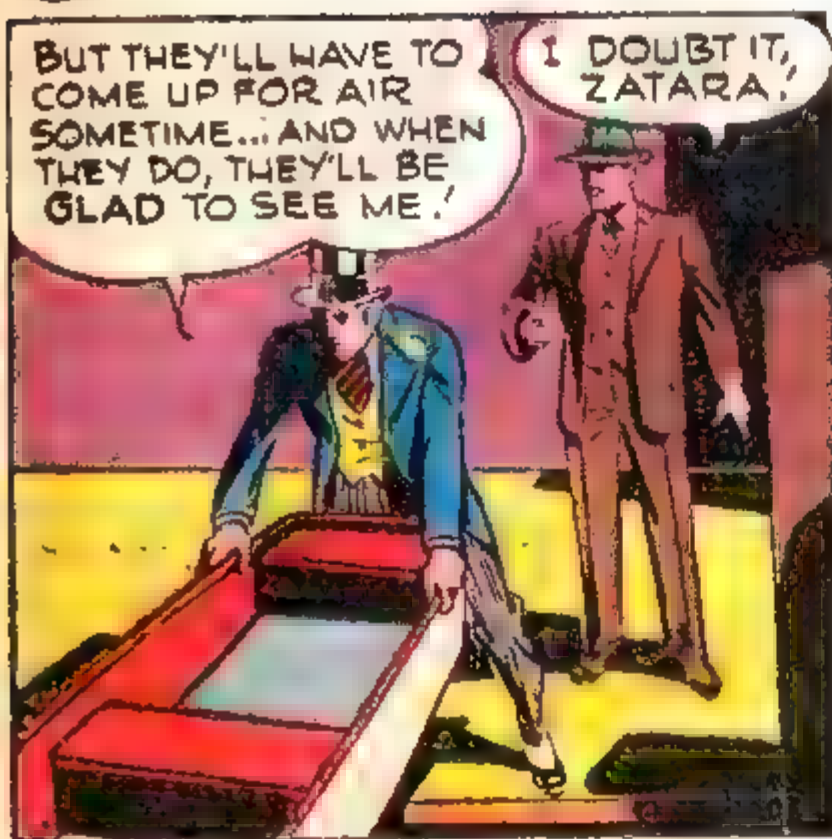
I THOUGHT YOU'D BE IN
A HURRY TO SHOOT!
TOO BAD YOU HIT THE
WRONG TARGET!

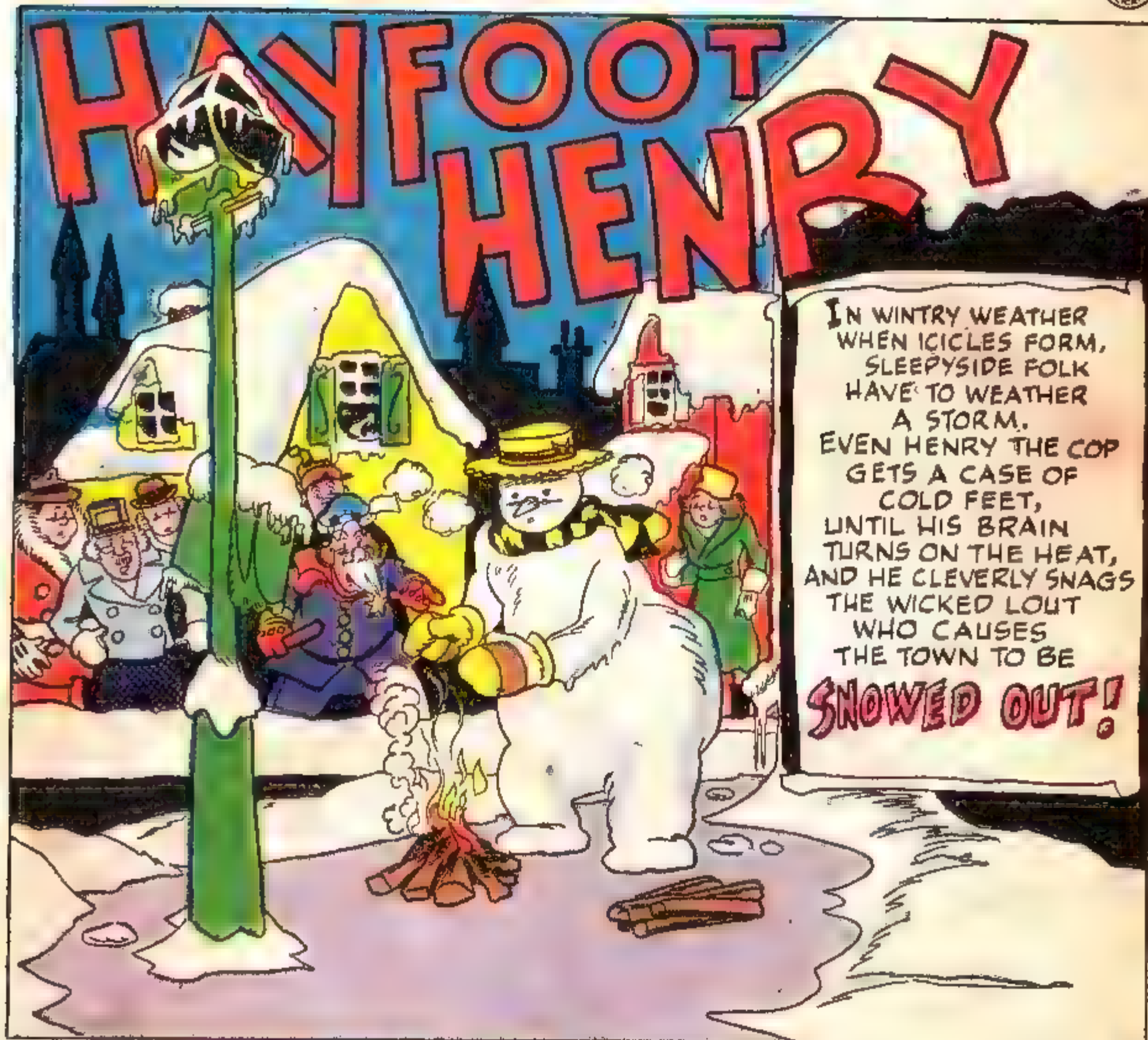
YIII...
WE SHOT
AT THE
POST!



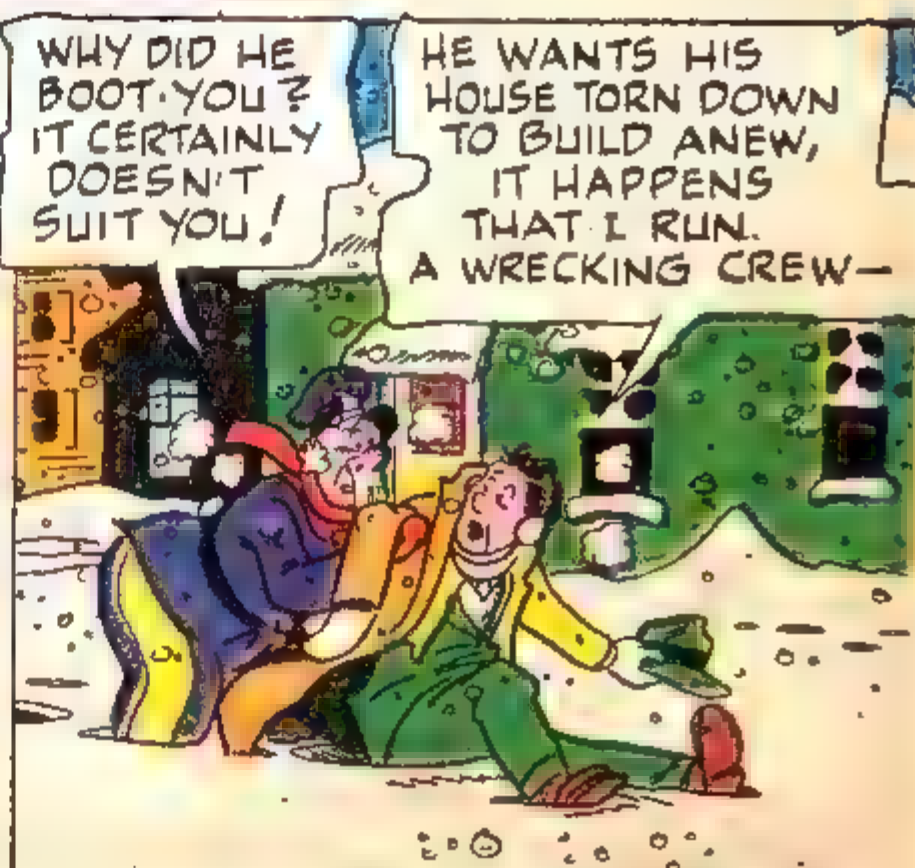
UNDER THE WATER,
BOYS... HIS MAGIC
WON'T WORK
THERE!

YES, IT'S TOO DARK
FOR ME TO SEE
THROUGH IT!





IN WINTRY WEATHER
WHEN ICICLES FORM,
SLEEPYSIDE FOLK
HAVE TO WEATHER
A STORM.
EVEN HENRY THE COP
GETS A CASE OF
COLD FEET,
UNTIL HIS BRAIN
TURNS ON THE HEAT,
AND HE CLEVERLY SNAGS
THE WICKED LOU
WHO CAUSES
THE TOWN TO BE
SNOWED OUT!



BUT WHEN I QUOTED MY VERY BEST PRICE, HE THOUGHT IT TOO HIGH IN A WAY NOT TOO NICE!

A VIOLENT FELLOW. ER—BY THE WAY—WHAT RHYMES WITH "DERELICT"—COULD YOU SAY?

WRECKING'S MY RACKET, AS YOU HEARD ME EXPLAIN, AS FAR AS RHYME GOES IT GIVES ME A PAIN!

THAT RHYME FROM MY BRAIN I MUST SOMEHOW SQUEEZE, BUT I'D BETTER GET HOME. I'M STARTING TO FREEZE.

BUT AT HOME WHILE THE DAYLIGHT HOURS SLIP BY, AND THE SNOW STILL FALLS FROM THE WINTRY SKY...

THAT'S RATHER ODD. THE PIPES HAVE GONE COLD. I MUST FIND THE JANITOR. HE MUST BE TOLD. I FEAR MY RHYME MUST WAIT BECAUSE I CANNOT THINK TILL MY POOR BRAIN THAWS!

WHAT'S THE REASON FOR THE LACK OF HEAT? I'M CHILLED RIGHT THROUGH FROM MY HEAD TO MY FEET.

WHY ASK ME? I WAS GONNA ASK YOU. SOME VILLAIN'S GOT IN AND STUFFED UP THE FLUE!

HOW COULD ANYONE HAVE THE SLIGHTEST REASON FOR CLOGGING THE FLUE IN THIS ICY SEASON?

MY ANSWERING SUCH QUESTIONS AIN'T MENTIONED IN THE LEASE. IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S A MATTER FOR THE POLICE.

HENRY—COME QUICK—MY TENANTS ARE FREEZING!

MY FURNACE IS DAMAGED, MY FAMILY SNEEZING!

WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS? I DON'T UNDERSTAND! ARE ALL THE FURNACES OUT OF HAND?



THE LINE WAS BUSY WHEN I JUST TRIED TO PHONE YA!
THERE'S A PLOT TO CREATE UNIVERSAL PNEUMONIA!

COULD THAT BE THE MOTIVE?
WOULD THE LOCAL PHYSICIAN,
TO GET MORE PATIENTS,
HAVE CAUSED THIS CONDITION?



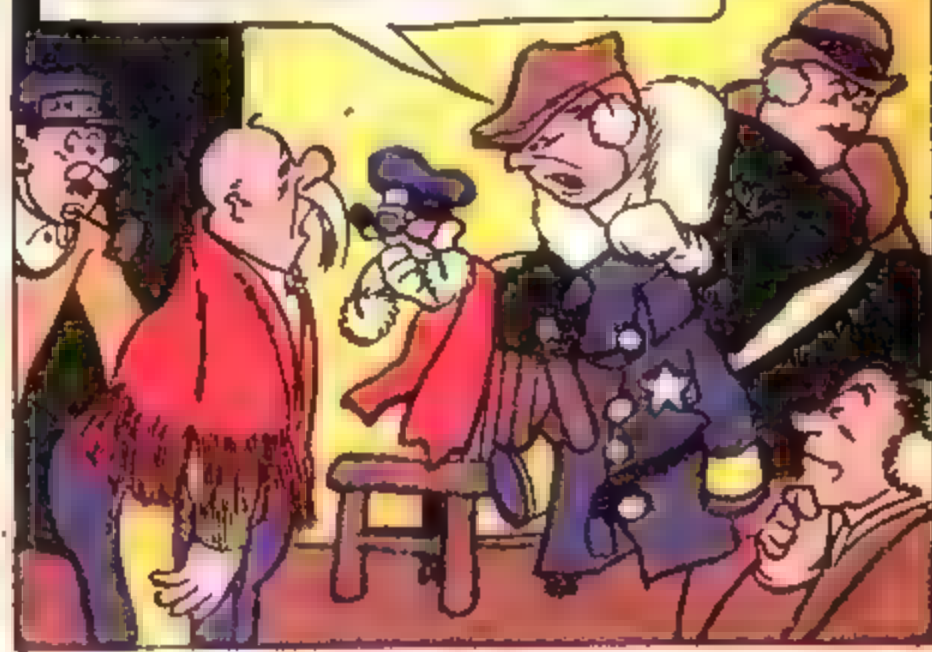
OR THE DRYGOODS
STORE OWNER?
THIS WHOLE AFFAIR
MIGHT BE A PLOT TO SELL FLANNEL UNDERWEAR!



WHAT RHYMES WITH DERELICT?
DOES ANYONE KNOW?
IT'LL CLEAR MY BRAIN!
DON'T BE SO SLOW!



FORGET ABOUT RHYME!
FIND THE FURNACE DESTROYER!
WE'RE TAXPAYERS ALL,
AND HENCE YOUR EMPLOYER!



FOR THE POOR OLD COP
THEY DON'T CARE A FEATHER!
SENDING ME OUT IN
THIS TERRIBLE WEATHER!



WELL, WELL, WELL -
A CHEERFUL BLAZE!
A LITTLE HEAT MAY
LIFT MY DAZE!

SORRY, OLD PAL,
BUT PLEASE BE SO GOOD,
IF YOU SHARE OUR FIRE,
TO FETCH SOME WOOD!



THERE'S A SHACK
ON THE CORNER—
JUST RIP OFF
SOME WOOD.
THE OWNER
WON'T CARE,
THE SHACK IS
NO GOOD.

HOLY SMOKE—
WHAT A CUNNING
DEVICE!
THE OWNER IS
THE VILLAIN
WHO TURNED
OUR HOMES
TO ICE.

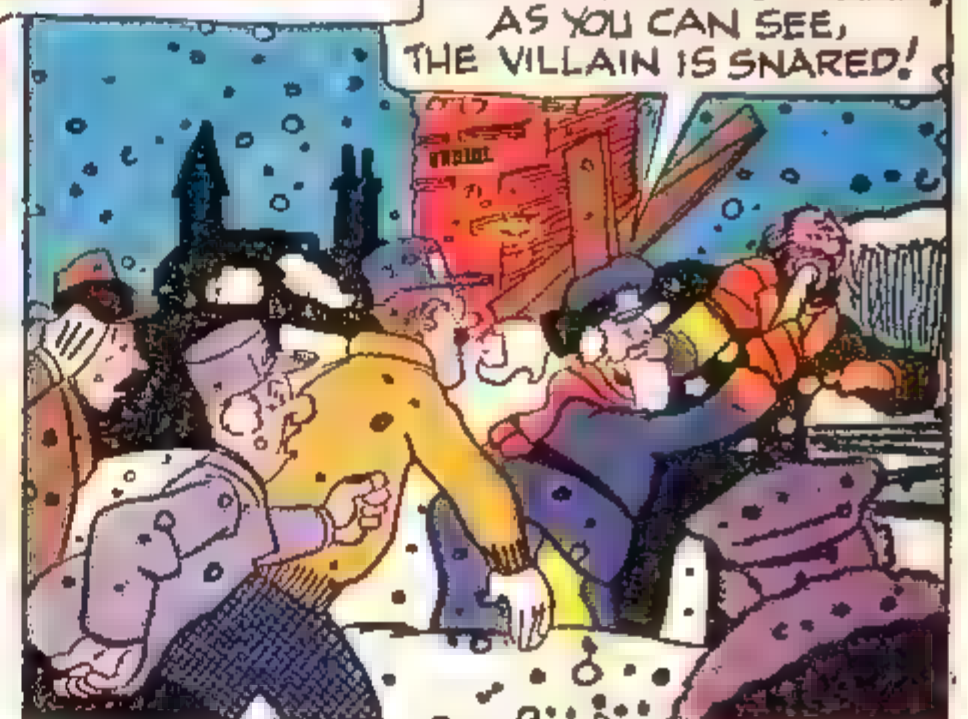
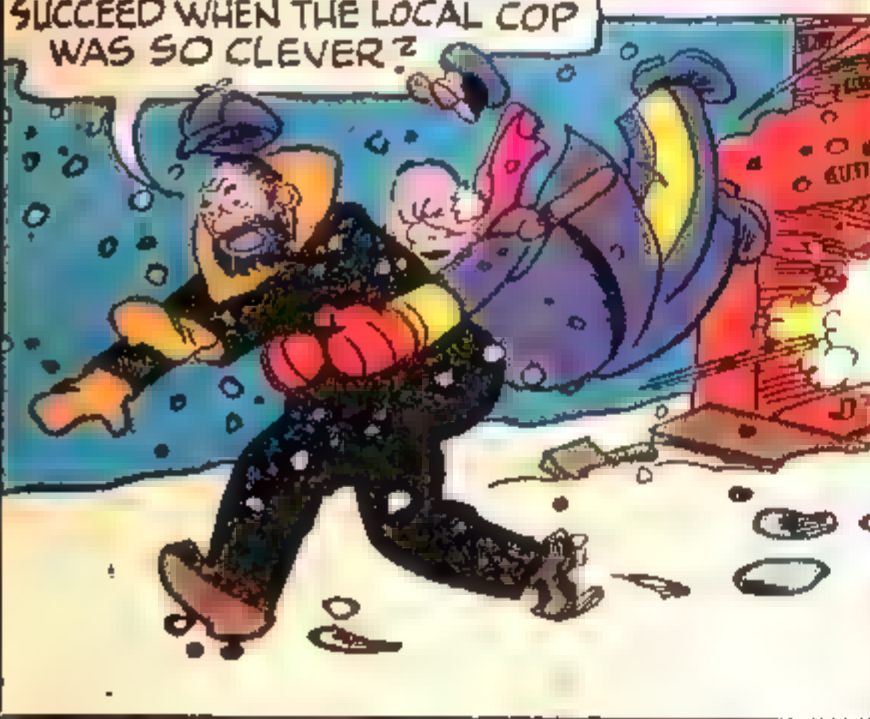
YOUR PLOT IS EXPOSED!
TO AVOID THE WRECKER'S FEE,
YOU MADE US ALL FREEZE
SO WE'D TEAR YOUR HOUSE DOWN **FREE!**
WITHOUT ANY HEAT,
YOU KNEW FOLKS IN HORDES
WOULD GLADLY TEAR DOWN
THE HOUSE FOR THE **BOARDS!**



WHY DID I THINK
SUCH A STUNT WOULD EVER
SUCCEED WHEN THE LOCAL COP
WAS SO CLEVER?

CLEVER, INDEED! AND QUICK AS A HAWK!
YOUR ESCAPE'S A SIMPLE THING TO BALK.

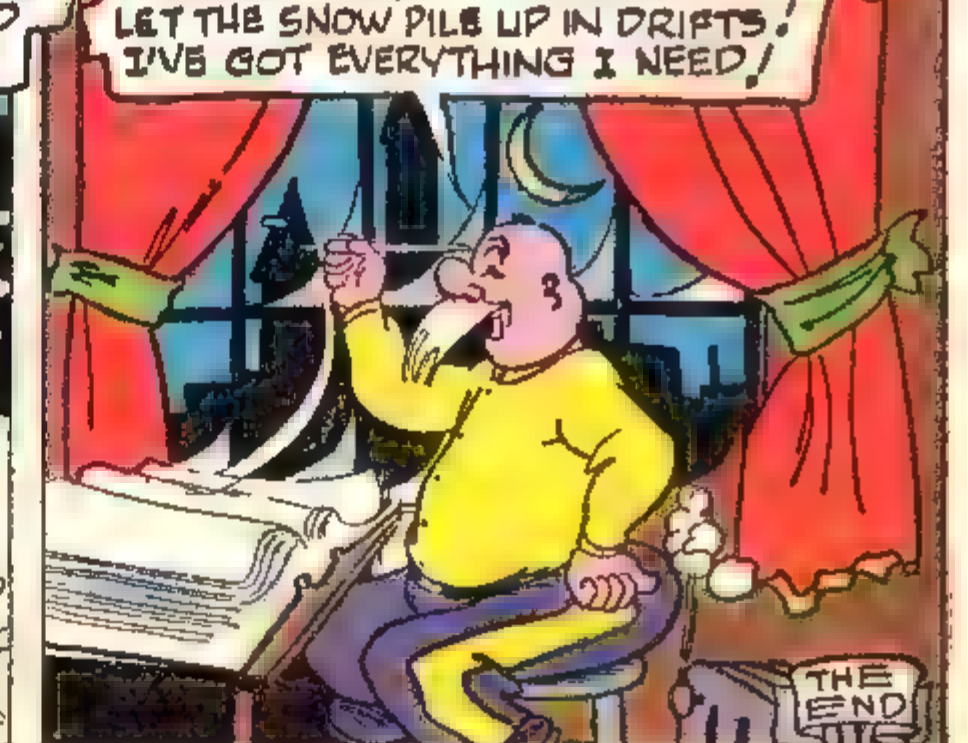
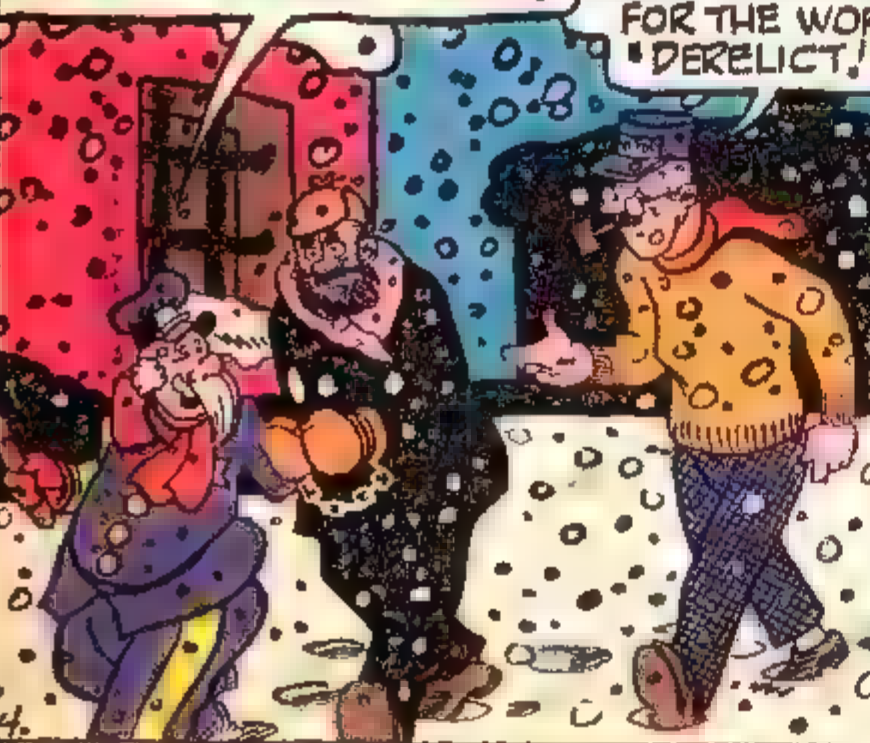
RETURN TO YOUR HOMES—
GET YOUR FURNACES REPAIRED!
AS YOU CAN SEE,
THE VILLAIN IS SNALED!



SO TURN ON THE HEAT—
I'VE GOT THE PERIL LICKED!

WHY—
THAT'S YOUR RHYME
FOR THE WORD
"DERELICT!"

"PERIL LICKED"—"DERELICT"—
A PERFECT RHYME INDEED!
LET THE SNOW PILE UP IN DRIFTS!
I'VE GOT EVERYTHING I NEED!



THE
END

FOR SPINE-TINGLING ACTION...



OR RIB-TICKLING HUMOR...



**Look For This
SUPERMAN D-C SYMBOL !**

IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN
MAGAZINE COMICS!



HEADS UP

by Stan Carter

IN the small room, just off the royal chambers, King Arad looked at his Grand Vizier. The room was the one reserved for secret councils and, although the Grand Vizier was well aware of the nature of this conference, he, too, was worried.

The object of the meeting was not present. At the moment, young Sheik Barra was paying court to the King's beautiful daughter, Karyn. The couple was walking through the flower-scented grounds, talking of their impending marriage.

On Karyn's face was a look of doubt. "I am not sure father will give his consent," she said. "You know what he's trying to do."

Sheik Barra nodded. His face, too, was serious, worried. "Unite you with the House of Abben," he said. He scowled. "That Prince Abben is—"

Karyn pressed a restraining finger to the young Sheik's lips. "No, don't say it," she said. "It will do no good. Besides, father did promise you anything you asked in return for your victories. So, you have the right to ask my hand in marriage."

For a moment, the face of the gallant warrior lighted up. "And he said nothing when I asked for your hand, merely nodded. Is that a good sign?"

"I don't know." Karyn's voice sounded worried. "It is true that you have captured the fancy of the people. Father would not dare deny your request. Yet, I fear there will be some trickery." She looked up. "Here he comes now."

The King, arm-in-arm with the Grand Vizier, was walking toward them. Still out of earshot of his intended son-in-law, the King said: "We must not appear too elated with your plan. He will fall for it now, not realizing that we will dupe him."

There was a smile on the King's face as he greeted the anxious young Sheik. "As you know, Sheik Barra," he said, "I have promised to grant any request you might make. Naturally, I did not expect you to ask for the hand of my daughter, Karyn. But since you have, I shall not retract my promise."

"Thank you, your Majesty." The Sheik's face was vibrant with happiness as he pumped the King's hand. "You have done me a great

honor and . . ." He paused, conscious that the Grand Vizier was speaking.

"Of course, there is a condition to be met," the Grand Vizier purred. "But one which a gambler will not reject—and you are a gambler."

The Sheik's blood suddenly went cold. He eyed the Grand Vizier suspiciously. He might have known there would be a catch in this. He saw Karyn's eyes, anxiously upon him. "What is the condition?"

"Merely something that will make the people happy," the King said. "They know, my son, what chances you take. So, why should you not take a gamble on my daughter's life." He raised his hand, stopping Barra's objections. "It is very simple," he said, producing a gold coin. "I will announce to the people that on the turn of this drachma, you have rested your future happiness." He nudged the young Sheik. "In the market place tomorrow at noon, we shall toss a coin—my daughter and half the kingdom against your fabulous luck."

Karyn's face went white. "No! No!" she cried out. "It's not fair! It—"

The King's face assumed a hurt look, his voice an injured tone. "Am I to understand that you would marry a man who is afraid to take a chance?"

Barra looked at him narrowly. Inwardly, he knew there was something wrong. But what? The Grand Vizier's face was an impenetrable mask. Still, if he *did* refuse—yes, that was what they were trying to do, make him quit! If he did, then the people would know.

"I agree to the conditions," Sheik Barra said. "I'll be there." He bid Karyn adieu and walked away, conscious of the crafty smile that flitted across the King's face.

In the very simplicity of the scheme, Barra knew, lay the trickery. He couldn't fathom it, try as he might. Miserable, he sat in his tent, trying to divine the intentions of the King and his Grand Vizier. Outside the tent, the blacksmith's anvil rang as the latter pursued his task of shoeing the Sheik's fast ponies.

"My love!" It was a mere whisper, between strokes of the hammer on the anvil.

Karyn stood in the doorway, her eyes worried. She wore a veil over the lower half of her face. With her was one of her handmaidens.

Barra leaped to his feet. "Karyn, you shouldn't have come here. Your father—"

"I had to!" she said. "All is lost! He is going to trick you tomorrow!" She looked into Barra's anxious eyes. "After you left, my father and the Grand Vizier summoned the court magician. I sent Simma, here"—she indicated the maid—"to spy on them."

"And?"

"He is learning to palm the coin," Karyn said, "so that tomorrow, should you call the toss right, he will be able to switch it."

Barra's face darkened. "So that's it!" he said. "And who will toss the coin?"

"The Grand Vizier," Karyn tensed in Barra's arms. "I do not know what we will do. We certainly cannot fight magic."

Barra's lips set in a thin line, his jaw jutted. "You had better go home before you are missed," he said. "Somehow, I'll find a way."

Alone again in his tent, he tried to think of a way out. In his hand, he toyed idly with a gold drachma. Then, angrily, he threw it to the ground. "On such a bauble does my happiness rest," he growled. "It is not right."

Yet, what could he do about it? Wily King Arad had once again lived up to his reputation for craftiness. He had tricked him. If he, Barra, should call heads, the Grand Vizier would produce tails. And none would challenge his picking up of the coin. Like the King, the Grand Vizier's word was law. And only too well did Barra know the gambling instincts of the King's people.

Barra bent down, picked up the drachma he had thrown to the floor.

Outside, the blacksmith's hammer still beat busily. "He's happier than I can ever be," said Barra morosely, "at least the smithy does not have to take chances. Just beating shoes cut on his forge, and no worries, such as how to outwit Kings and Grand Viziers." He slapped his open palm on the coin in his hand. Then, suddenly, he smiled, tossed the coin in the air. Why, it was simple! He really didn't have to be afraid of facing that crowd tomorrow! The smithy had given him an idea. . . .

And quite a crowd it was. The market square was jammed with people as the time approached for the contest. It had caught the admiration of the gambling kingdom, and all who could pack into the area were there. A high platform had been set up. On this the test would be made.

Promptly, at the appointed time, the King appeared, accompanied by the Grand Vizier and Karyn. Barra, who had been awaiting the King's appearance, smiled at the young Princess, whose face was white and drawn.

Cheers went up as the King announced the

terms of the contest. He placed his arm affectionately around the young Sheik. "As you all know," he said pompously, "this brave young man has agreed to gamble for the hand of my daughter and half my kingdom. The Grand Vizier will spin a coin into the air. Sheik Barra will call, and if he wins, my benediction and lands are his. If he loses—" the king shrugged. "Let the toss begin."

"Just a moment." Barra's voice was vibrant. From his pocket he produced a coin, held it up to the crowd. "This drachma have I carried through my battles. It has always brought me luck. With the King's permission, I would like to use it for the toss."

He held out the drachma to the King. The latter cast a worried look at the Grand Vizier. The latter nodded confidently. "Of course," the King said.

The Grand Vizier took the coin, saw that it was indeed money of the Kingdom. A hush fell over the crowd as he raised his hand for the throw. The gold coin glinted in the air. "Call!" he cried.

"Heads!"

The coin descended, the Grand Vizier catching it deftly. He smiled, opened his hands. "Ta—" he started to say. His face changed, became distressed. "Heads it is!" he said slowly.

A cheer went up. Karyn rushed into Sheik Barra's arms. Red-faced, the King offered congratulations. "Well done!" he cried. This was no time to ask what had happened. Somehow, the Grand Vizier had missed. But how? He had been coached perfectly by the magician. There had been no chance of a mistake. It would not pay, at this time, to tell the crowd that Barra could not marry Karyn. The sheik, obviously, had won her fairly.

"My coin, please." Barra had his hand out, was standing before the puzzled Grand Vizier. Wordlessly, the miserable trickster passed it over. Smiling, Barra held up his hand. "This lucky coin I give to the most beautiful bride in this kingdom," he proclaimed, passing it to Karyn.

Cheers resounded through the market place as she took the coin, her face alight. She turned it over, then stared, puzzled. It had two heads! The warning in Barra's eyes stopped her question until later, when, alone, he said:

"It was the blacksmith at work who gave me the idea," he said. "I had him weld two coins together, both heads outside!"

Karyn smiled happily. "In the laws of our land, my love, it is written that two heads are better than one, is it not?"

"Yes," assented Barra, "especially when they're on the same coin!"

VIGILANTE

THE VIGILANTE AND STUFF ESTRANGED—THEIR POTENT PARTNERSHIP ENDED / WHAT WELCOME NEWS TO THE HOODLUM HORDES LONG HARASSED BY THE PUNCHING PLAINSMAN AND THE CHINATOWN KID. IT ALL BEGINS WITH A RADIO BROADCAST... BUT FOLLOW, HERE, THE STRANGE EVENTS THAT SEND THE VIGILANTE OUT ALONE TO MATCH WITS AND COURAGE AGAINST GUN-HAPPY...

"Penthouse Pirates!"

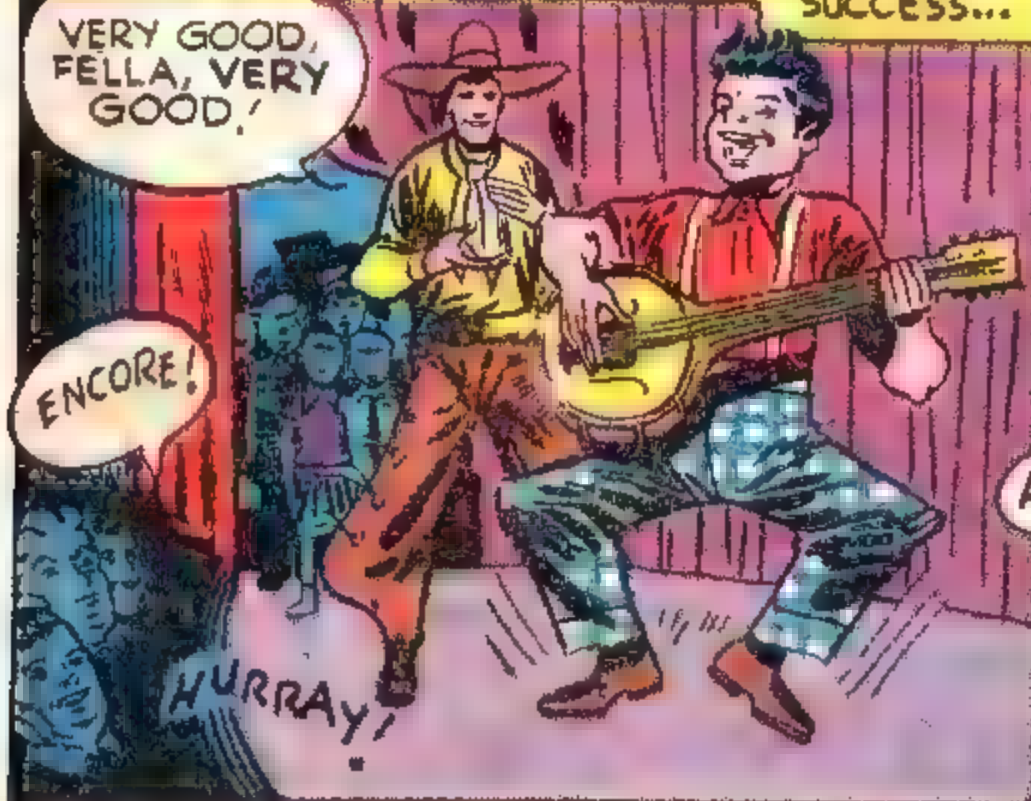


THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR'S AMATEUR GUEST PROGRAM, TO ENCOURAGE YOUNG TALENT, IS A BIG SUCCESS...

VERY GOOD, FELLA, VERY GOOD!

ENCORE!

HURRAY!



AND AMONG THE PERFORMERS IS STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID...

WHEN WE'RE OUT THERE ON THE CORNER AND THE ARC LIGHT'S SHININ' BRIGHT, YOU C'N HEAR US HARMONIZIN'

YEAH, STUFF!

ATTABOY!

SWING IT, KID!



ENCORE!

MORE! MORE!

THAT'S SENDIN'!

YOU'VE STOPPED THE SHOW, STUFF!



LATER THAT WEEK...

LOOK AT THIS, GREG! THE MANAGER OF THE BROADCASTING COMPANY WANTS TO SEE ME!

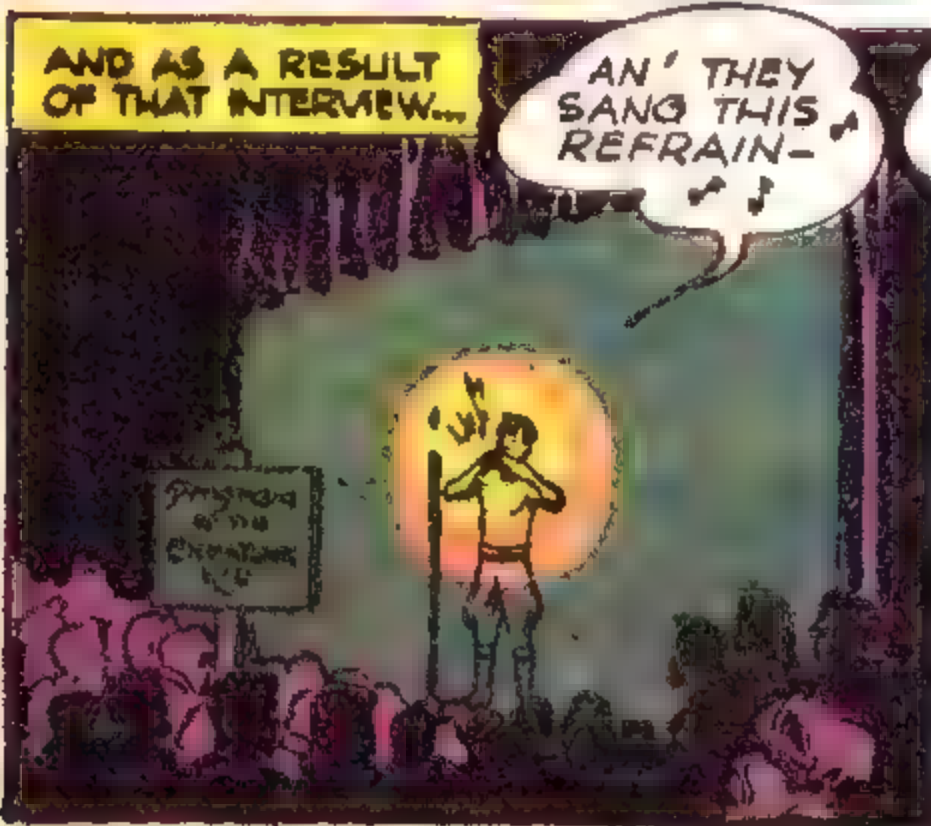


AND AS A RESULT OF THAT INTERVIEW...

AN' THEY SANG THIS REFRAIN-

WELL, STUFF, NOW YOU'RE A RADIO STAR, WITH A PROGRAM OF YOUR OWN!

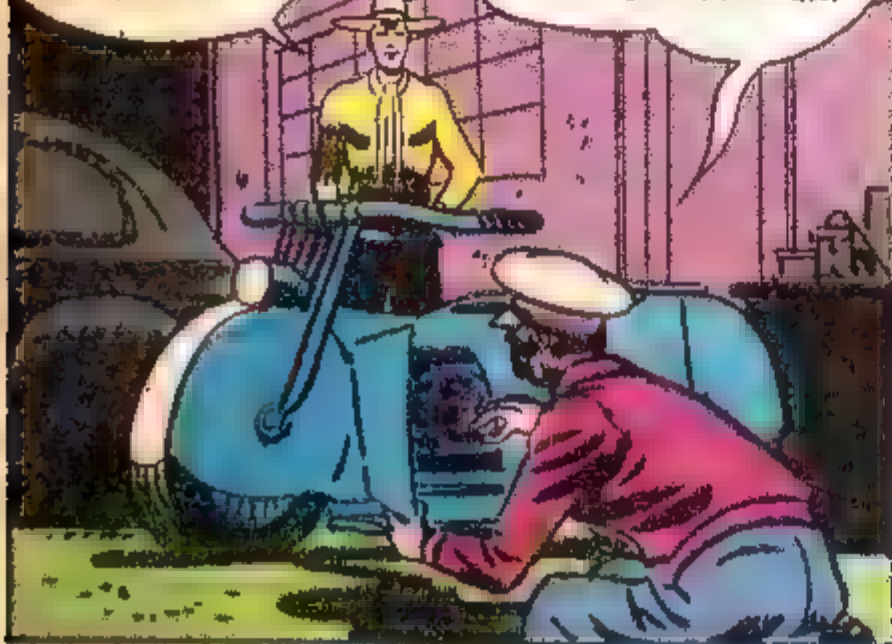
THIS IS A CINCH, P.T.! I SHOULDA DONE IT LONG AGO!



NEXT NIGHT, WHILE STUFF IS ON THE AIR...

I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THE INNARDS OF THIS CITY CAYUSE...

TROUBLE SEEMS TO BE IN THE DISTRIBUTOR...



CUSTOMERS! THEY WANT GAS!

STAY THERE; I'LL SERVE THEM!

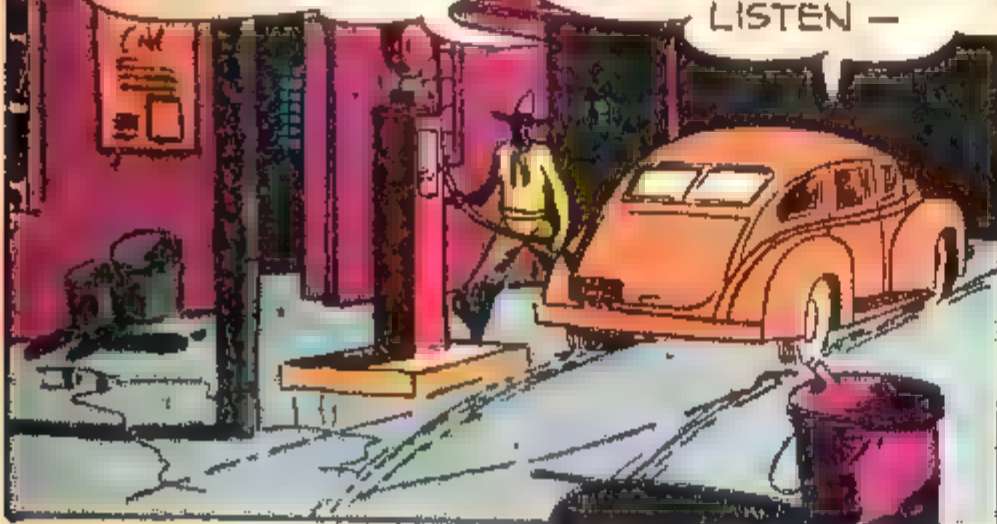
HONK
HONK
HONK



AS GREG SANDERS PUMPS THE GAS, HE OVERHEARS AN OMINOUS BIT OF TALK...

...BUT WHAT IF THE VIGILANTE BARGES IN ON YOU?

DON'T WORRY! ACE IS ALL SET TO TAKE CARE OF THE VIGILANTE! LISTEN -

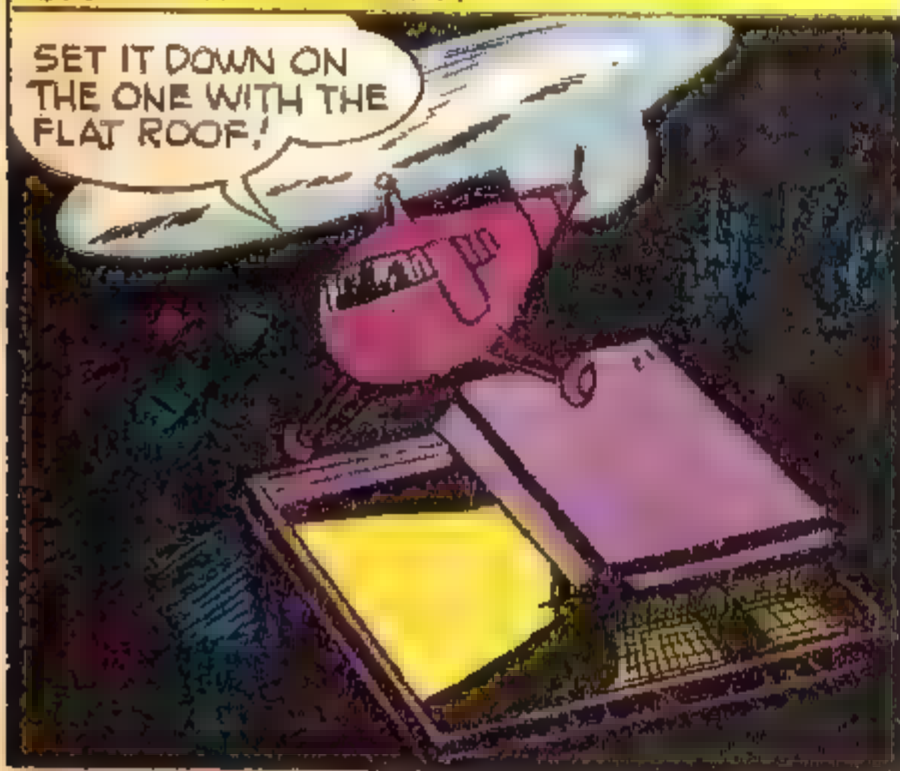


SO THAT'S HOW THAT SIDEWINDER, ACE, PLANS TO STOP THE VIGILANTE! I'LL HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO OUTWIT HIM...



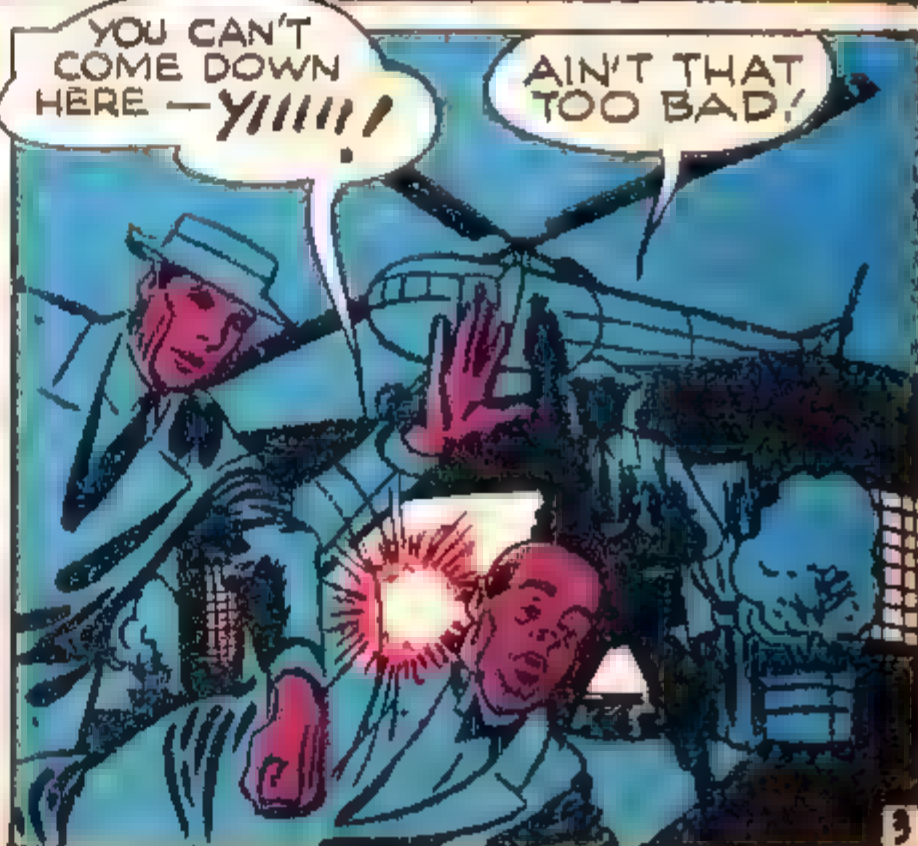
LATER THAT NIGHT...

SET IT DOWN ON THE ONE WITH THE FLAT ROOF!



YOU CAN'T COME DOWN HERE - YIIIIII!

AIN'T THAT TOO BAD!

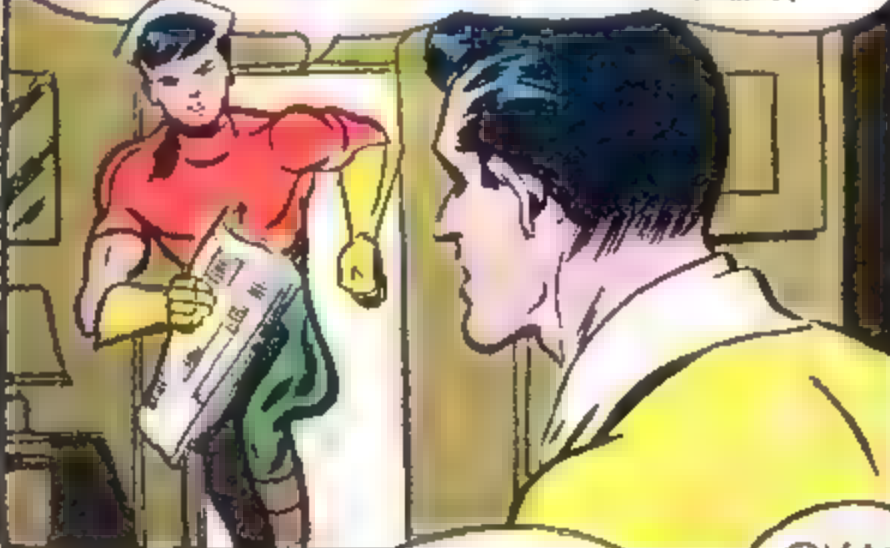




AND THE PENTHOUSE PIRATES ARE OFF ON A RUTHLESS CRIME CAREER!

WITHIN A WEEK, THE CITY BUZZES WITH THEIR CRIMES...

THE PENTHOUSE PIRATES HAVE DONE IT AGAIN, GREG! THEY ROBBED THE ROGER NORTON HOME AND SHOT TWO MEN!



WHAT'S UP, GREG? THESE CROOKS RUN WILD ALL WEEK AN' THE VIGILANTE HASN'T DONE A THING! WE -

FORGET THAT "WE," STUFF! YOU MIND YOUR AFFAIRS AND THE VIGILANTE WILL ATTEND TO HIS!

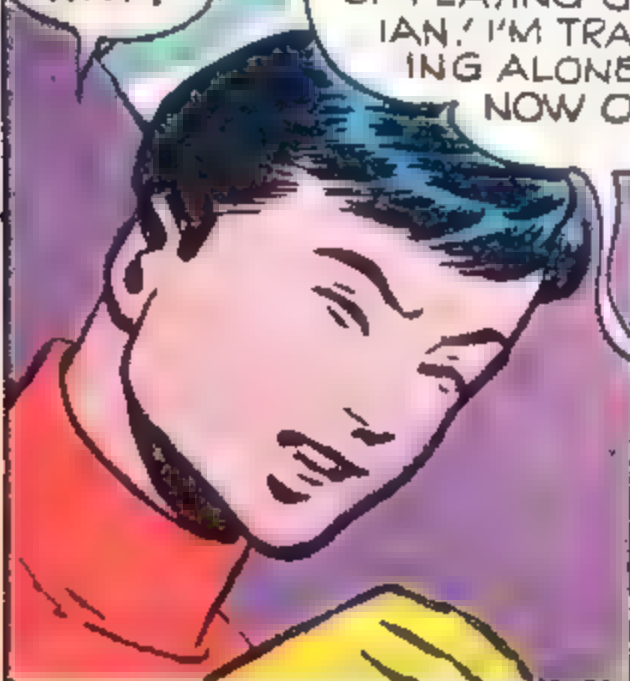


YOU - YOU MEAN, WE'RE SPLITTING UP, GREG? BUT WHY?

YOU HAVE YOUR OWN RADIO SHOW; YOU DON'T NEED ME - AND I'M TIRED OF PLAYING GUARDIAN. I'M TRAVELING ALONE FROM NOW ON!

OKAY, GREG - IF YOU DON'T WANT ME...

IT'S MY RADIO PROGRAM - HE'S JEALOUS!



BUT THE MOMENT STUFF LEAVES...

IF I KNOW STUFF, THE VIGILANTE HAD BETTER GET TO WORK - FAST!

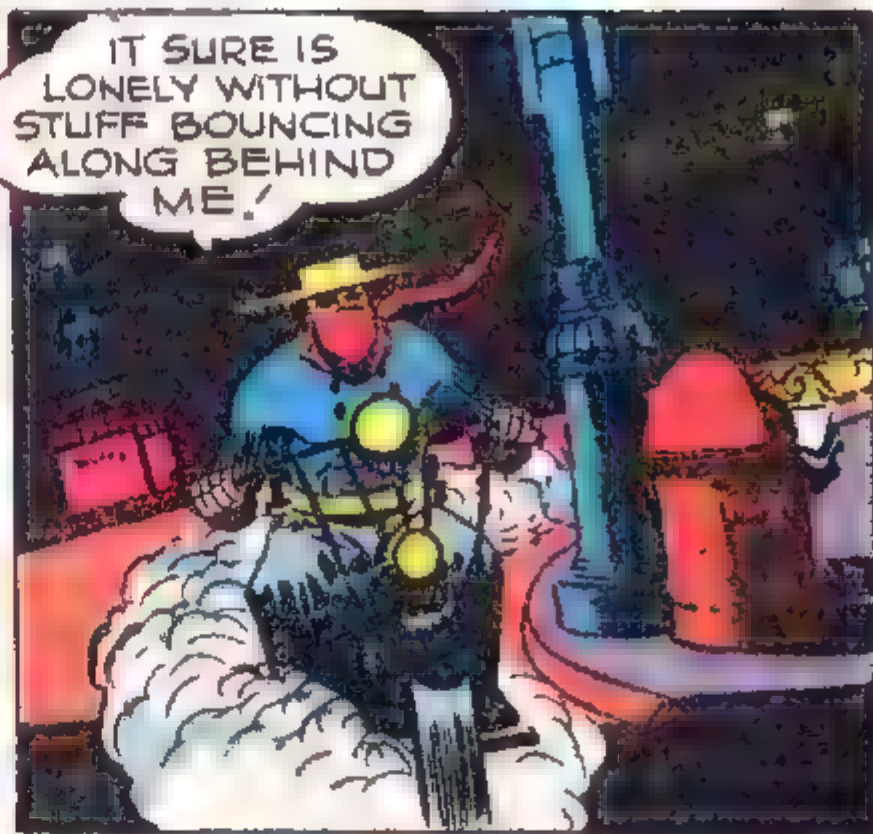


WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS, THE WESTERN WADDY KEEPS WATCH...

THERE COMES THE COYOTE NOW!



IT SURE IS LONELY WITHOUT STUFF BOUNCING ALONG BEHIND ME!



TOO LATE TO HEAD THEM OFF--



- BUT NOT TOO LATE TO TRUMP THIS MURDERING ACE!



WHILE IN THE PENTHOUSE...

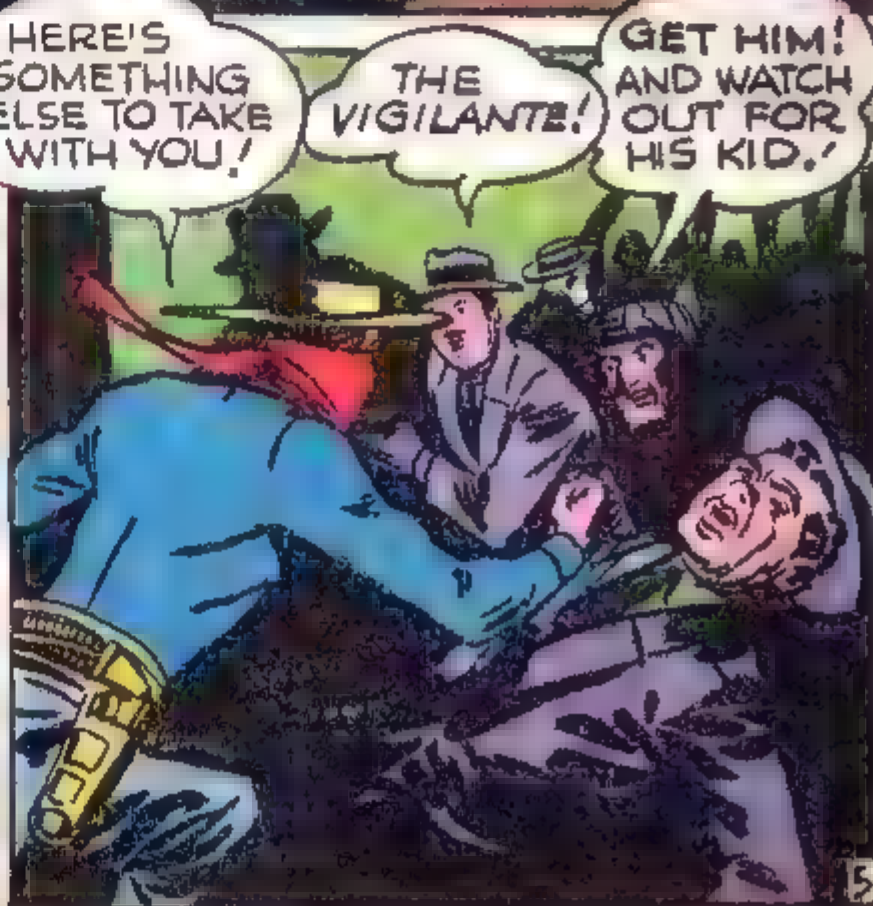
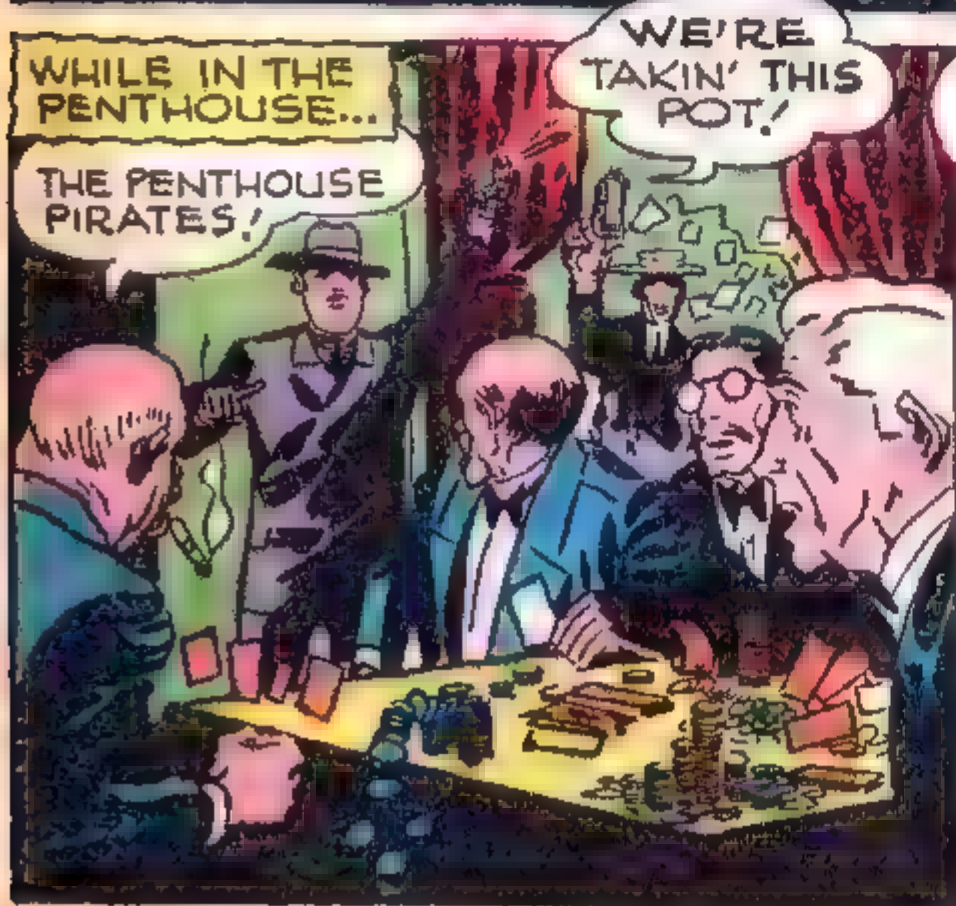
THE PENTHOUSE PIRATES!

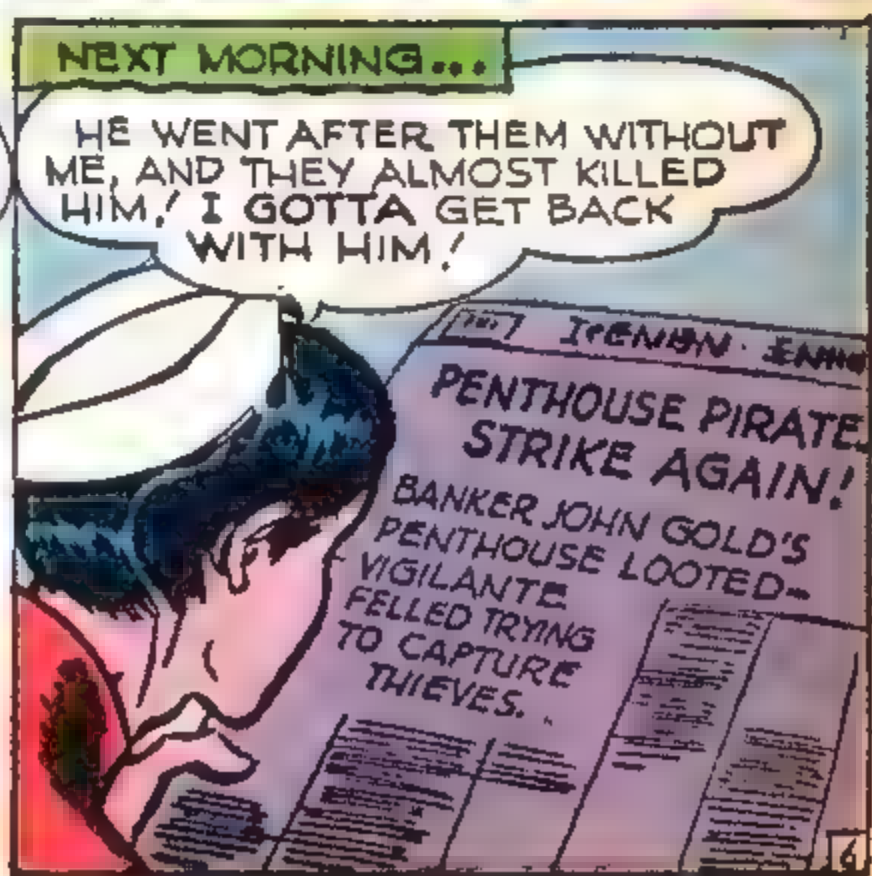
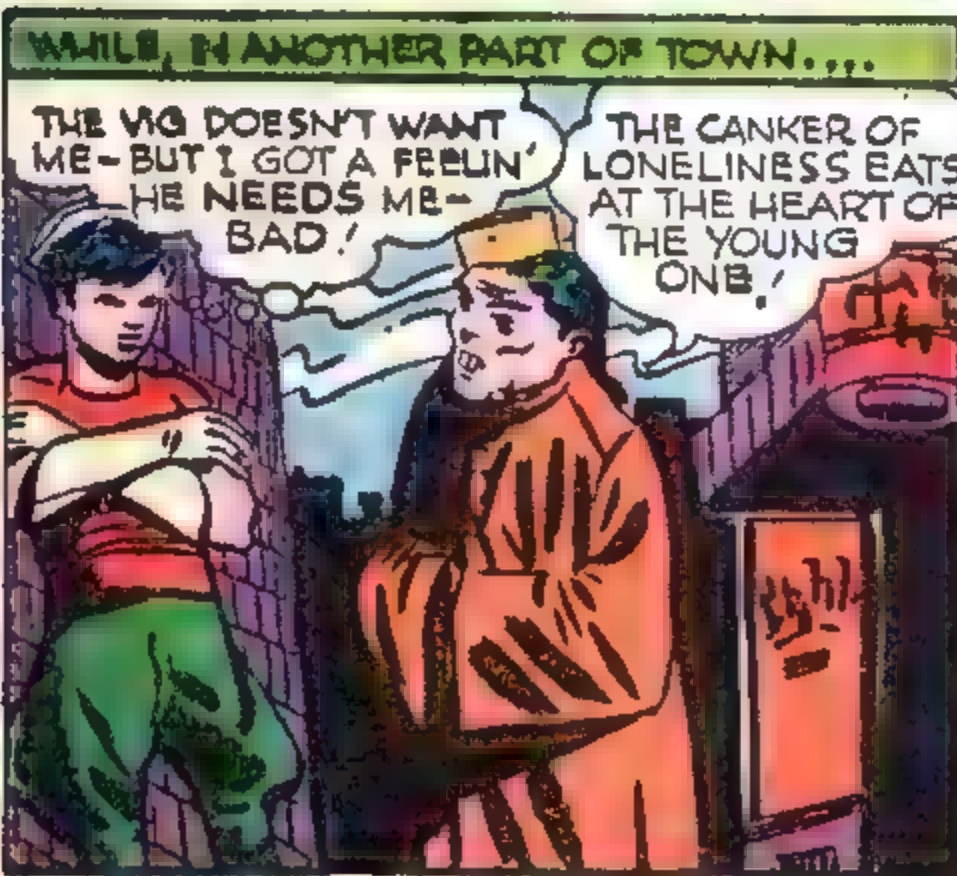
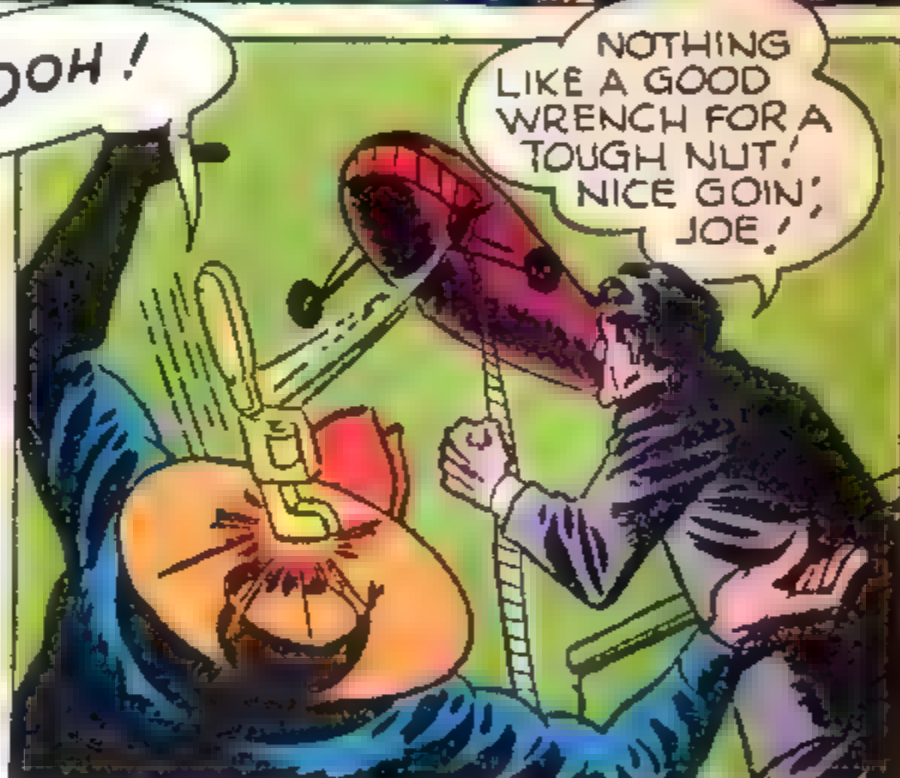
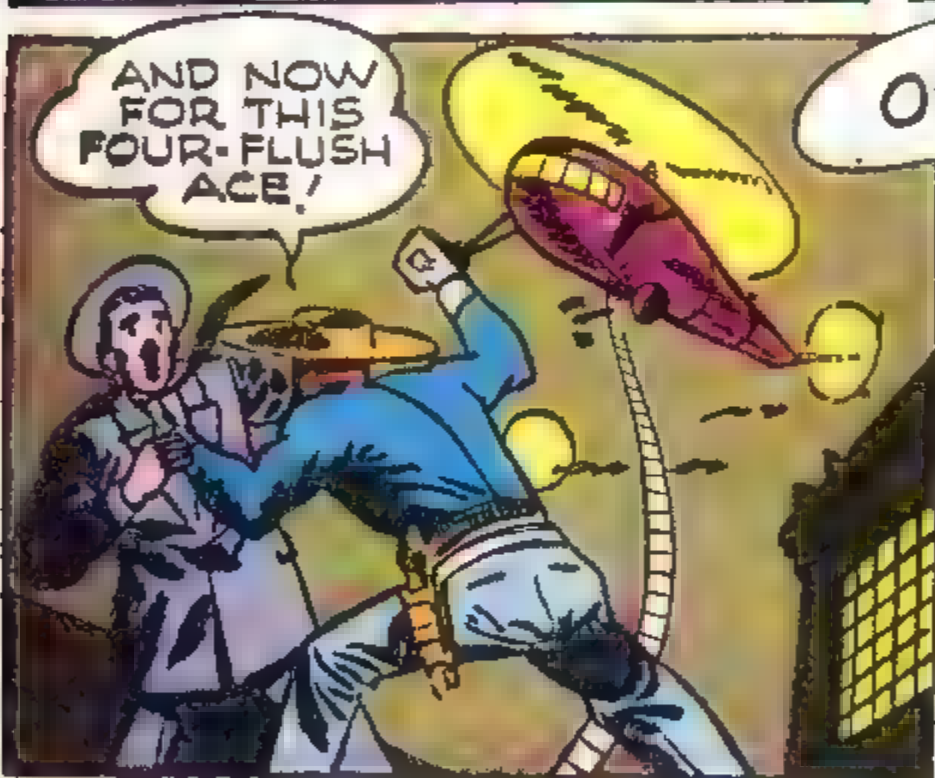
WE'RE TAKIN' THIS POT!

HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE TO TAKE WITH YOU!

THE VIGILANTE!

GET HIM! AND WATCH OUT FOR HIS KID.







LET ME HELP YOU, VIG! GIMME A CHANCE—

NOTHING DOING, KID! WE'RE TRAVELING SEPARATE TRAILS— AND I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP!



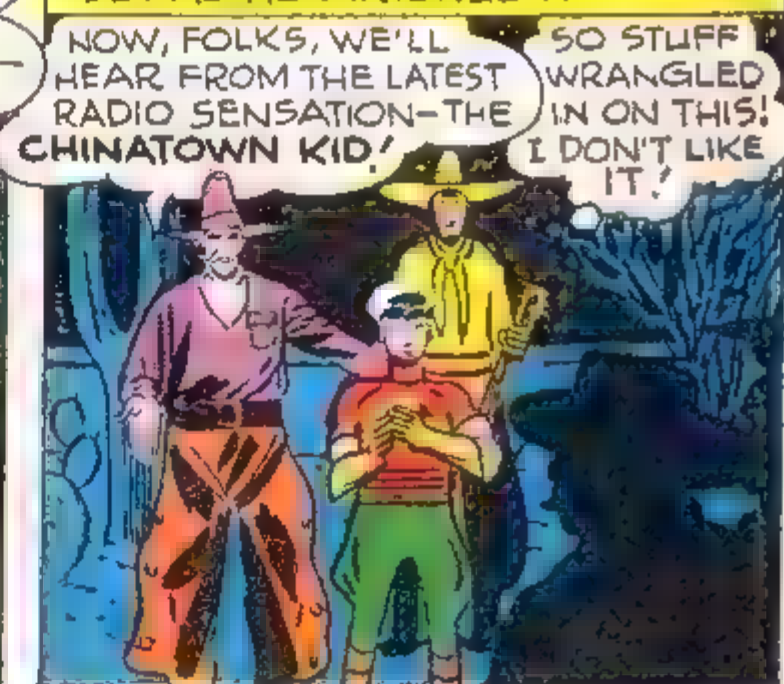
WHAT'S GOT INTO HIM? HE DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE OLD VIGILANTE...

BUT FATE HAS ITS OWN PLANS FOR THE SEVERED TEAM OF CRIME-FIGHTERS! WHEN PETER GORMAN, THE MINING TYCOON, GIVES A BARBECUE, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR IS AN ENTERTAINER...



THE PECOS KID WAS RIDIN' LINE WHEN UP HE COMES ON INJUN SIGN—

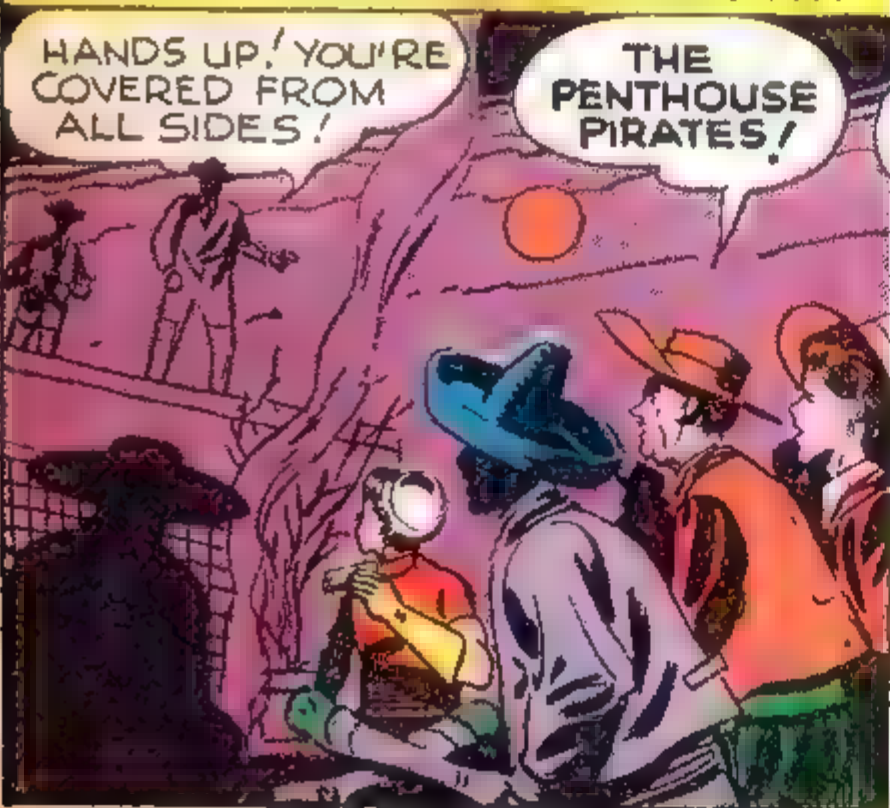
BUT AS HE FINISHES...



NOW, FOLKS, WE'LL HEAR FROM THE LATEST RADIO SENSATION—THE CHINATOWN KID!

SO STUFF WRANGLER IN ON THIS! I DON'T LIKE IT!

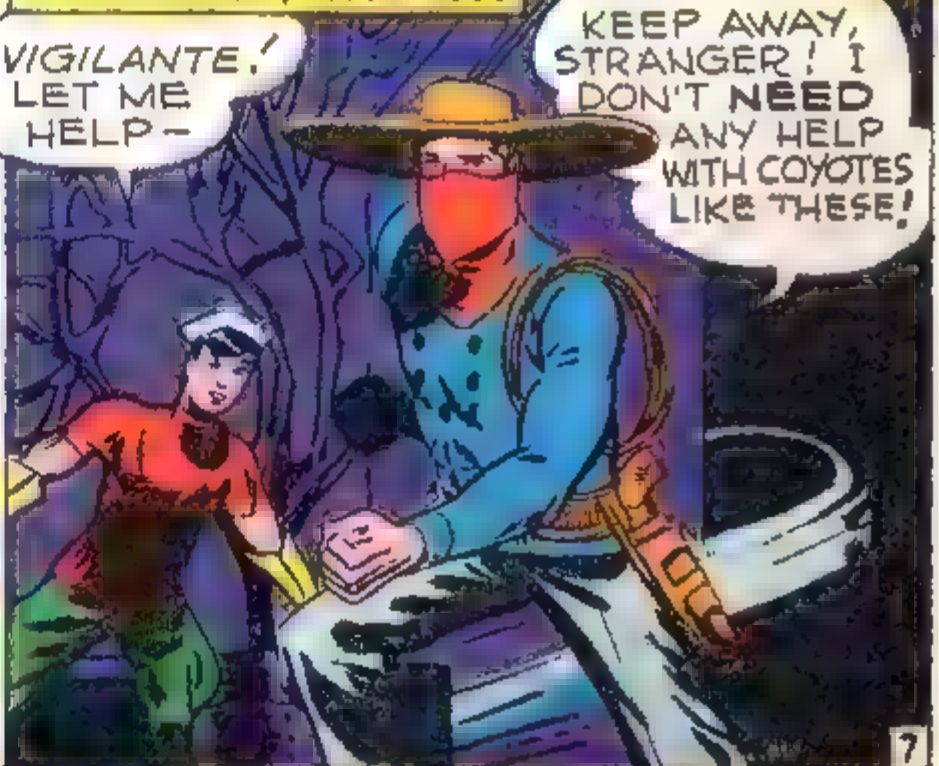
ABRUPTLY, IN THE MIDDLE OF STUFF'S ACT...



HANDS UP! YOU'RE COVERED FROM ALL SIDES!

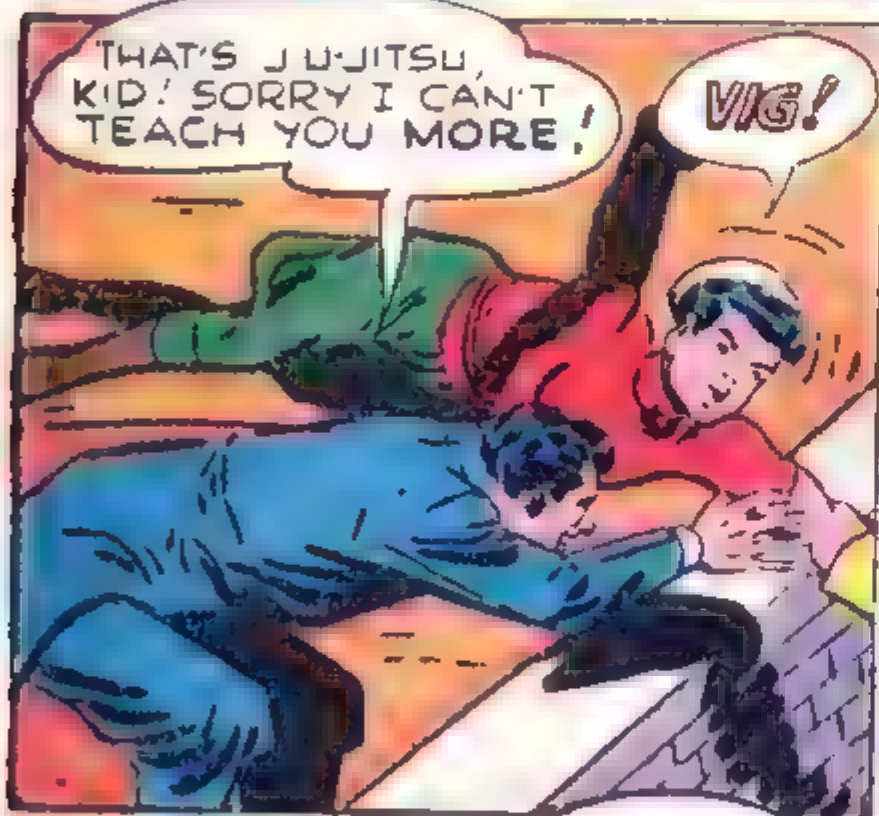
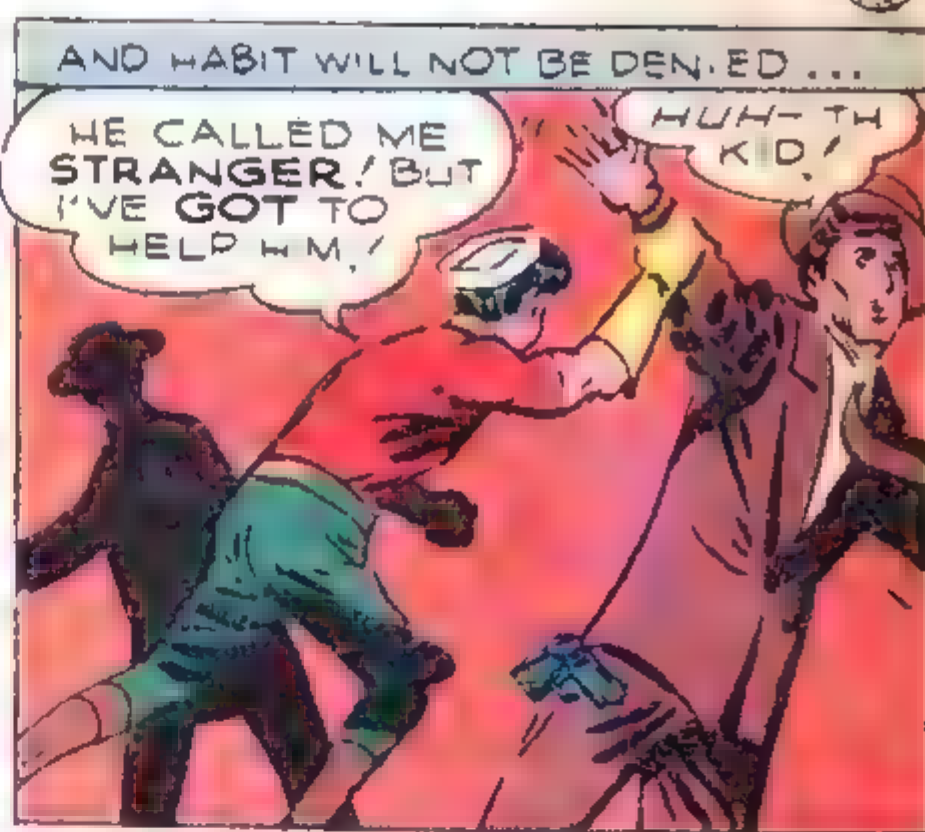
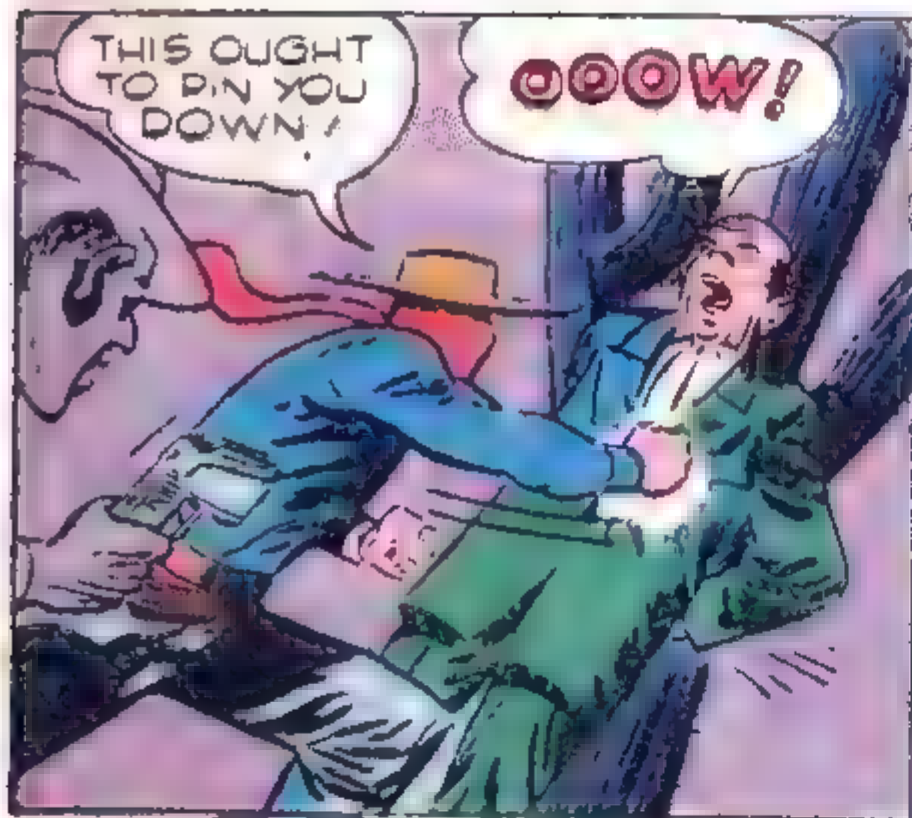
THE PENTHOUSE PIRATES!

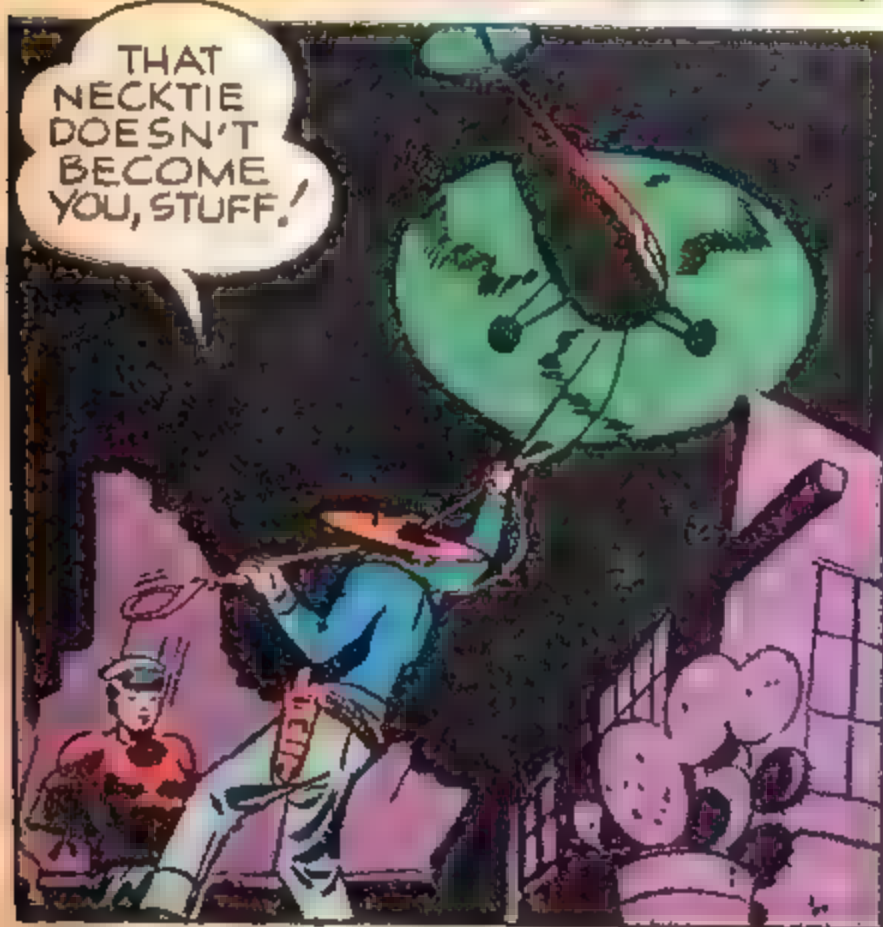
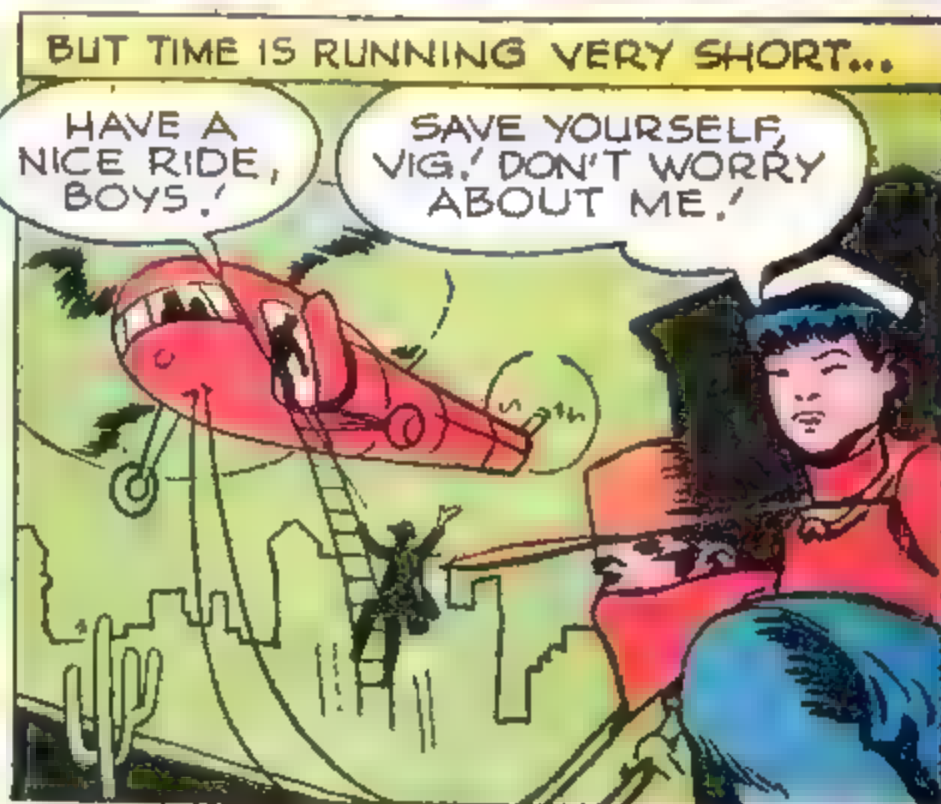
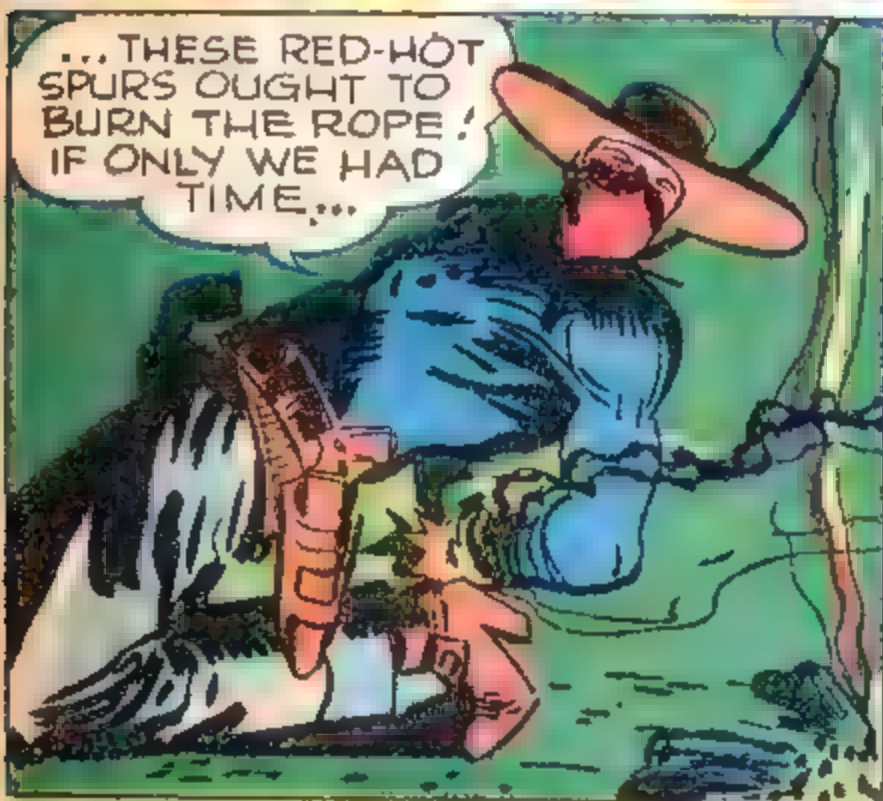
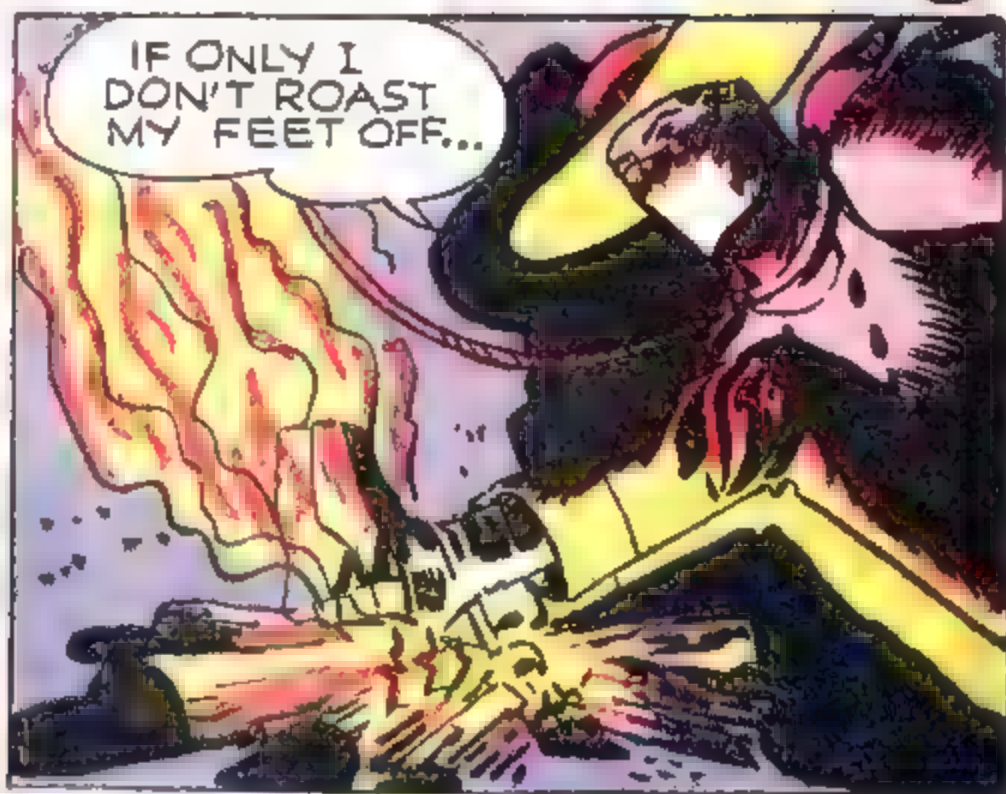
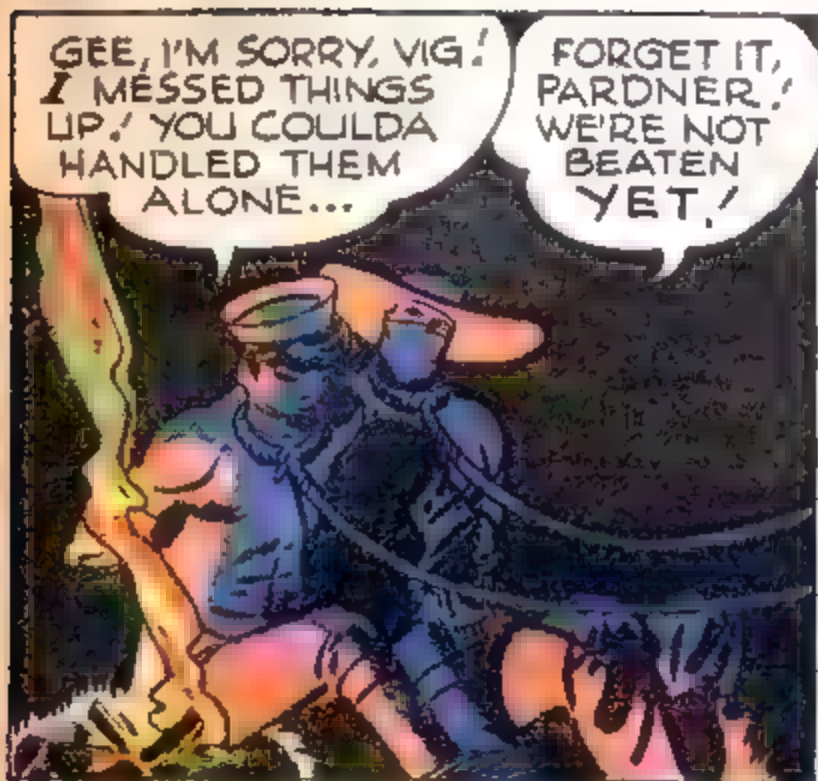
MEANWHILE, A QUICK CHANGE IN THE SHADOWS, THEN...

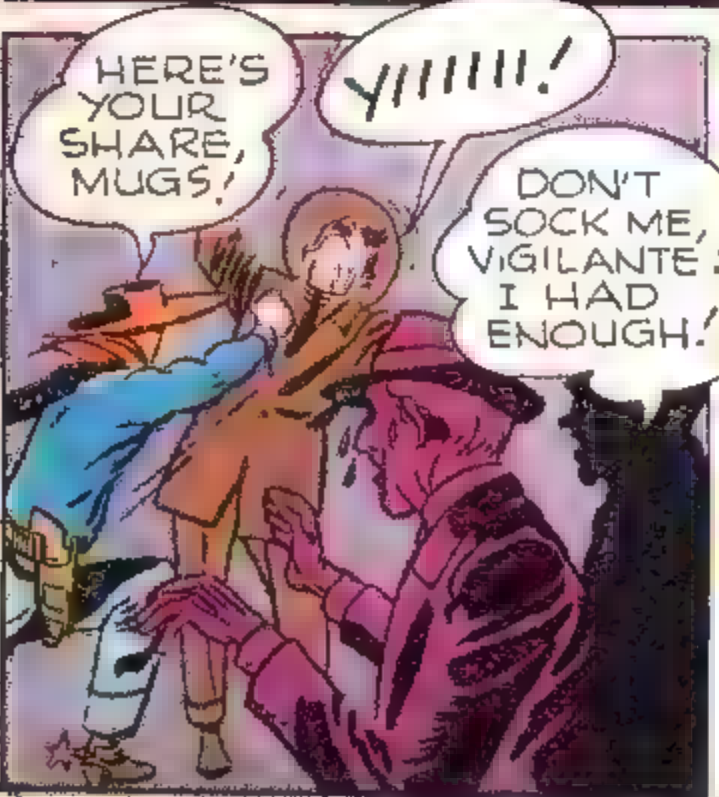
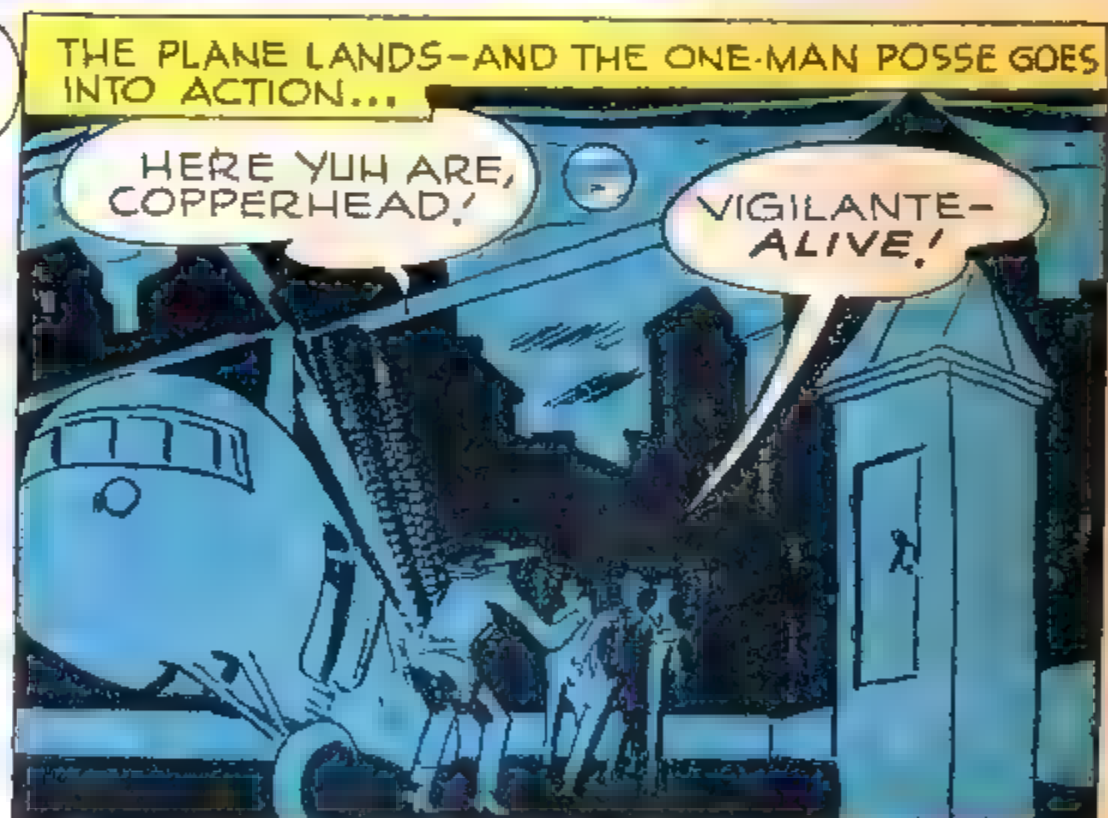
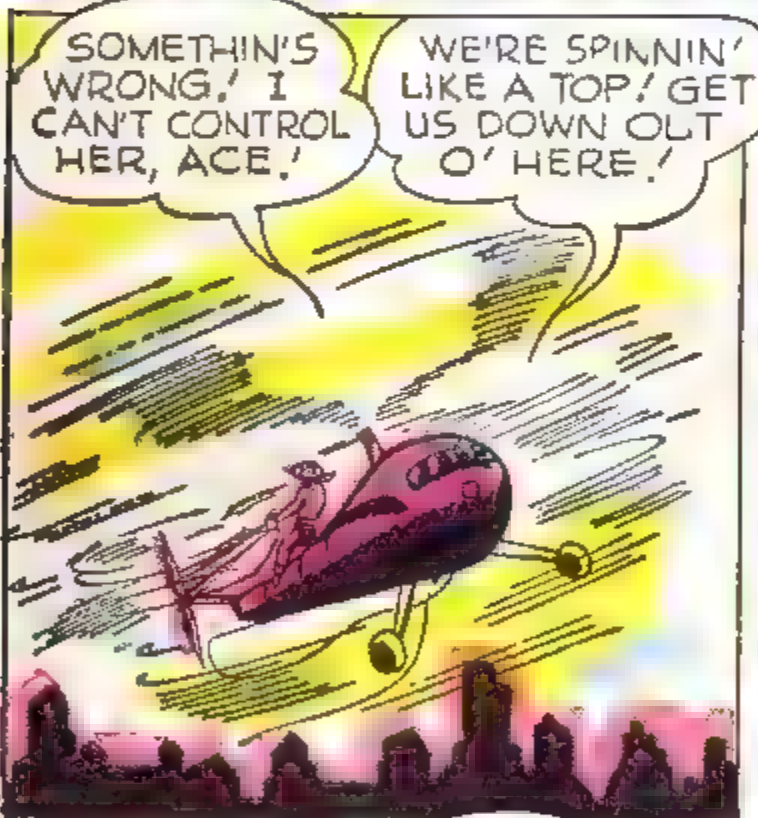
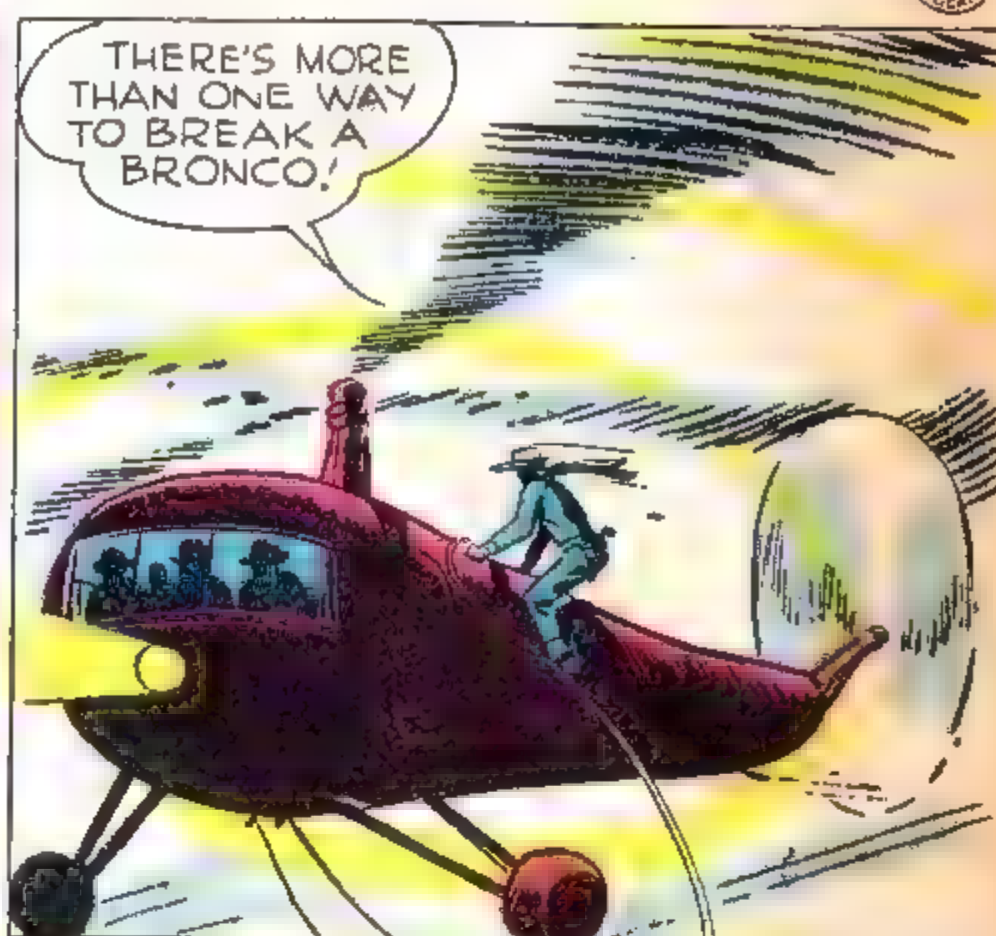


VIGILANTE! LET ME HELP—

KEEP AWAY, STRANGER! I DON'T NEED ANY HELP WITH COYOTES LIKE THESE!







ANOTHER
**TWO
FISTED**
VIGILANTE
in
NEXT
MONTH'S
**ACTION
COMICS**

HEY! BE FIRST TO GET THIS VALUABLE COMPASS RING!

BOYS AND GIRLS! LOOK
WHAT NABISCO SHREDDED
WHEAT HAS FOR YOU!



* Gleaming gold-color
victory bronze

* Accurate magnetized needle
points North

* Self-adjusting band fits any finger

* Magnetized needle made of special steel



JEEPERS! WHAT A
BREAK FOR EATING
MY FAVORITE CEREAL!



* Styled by a leading
American designer

* Streamlined and sturdy
in construction

* Designed for National Biscuit Company

HIS NIBS *by Roland Cos*

HEY! I THINK
WE'RE LOST!

WATCH ME,
FOOTSIE-I'LL FIND
THE WAY WITH
MY COMPASS
RING!



GEE, IT SHOWS
WHICH WAY IS
NORTH!

SURE, NOW
WE KNOW
HOW TO
GET BACK
HOME!



BOY, THIS
NABISCO
SHREDDED
WHEAT TASTES
GOOD!

AND DON'T
FORGET IT WAS
THE COMPASS
RING NABISCO
SENT ME THAT
GOT US HERE!



One of the keenest offers ever made to American boys and girls! A genuine, scientifically accurate compass set in a big, beautiful finger ring! It's all yours for only 15¢—plus a box top from that great American cereal—Nabisco Shredded Wheat. Look for the package with the picture of Niagara Falls—there's no other like it—and no cereal like Nabisco Shredded Wheat! Pure whole wheat—good hot or cold... neither it's a hot breakfast without cooking when she simply pours boiling salted water over biscuits in a strainer and serves as usual.

Remind mother to put Nabisco Shredded Wheat on her market list now—then mail your box top with 15¢ at once. The sooner you send for it, the sooner you get your ring!



BAKED BY NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

MAIL THIS ORDER NOW
FOR RUSH SERVICE!

Nabisco Shredded Wheat,
Dept. 1-C
P. O. Box 15, Station Q,
New York 11, N. Y.

Please rush me my COMPASS
RING. I'm enclosing 1 Nabisco
Shredded Wheat box top
and 15¢.

(Please print name and address)

Name _____

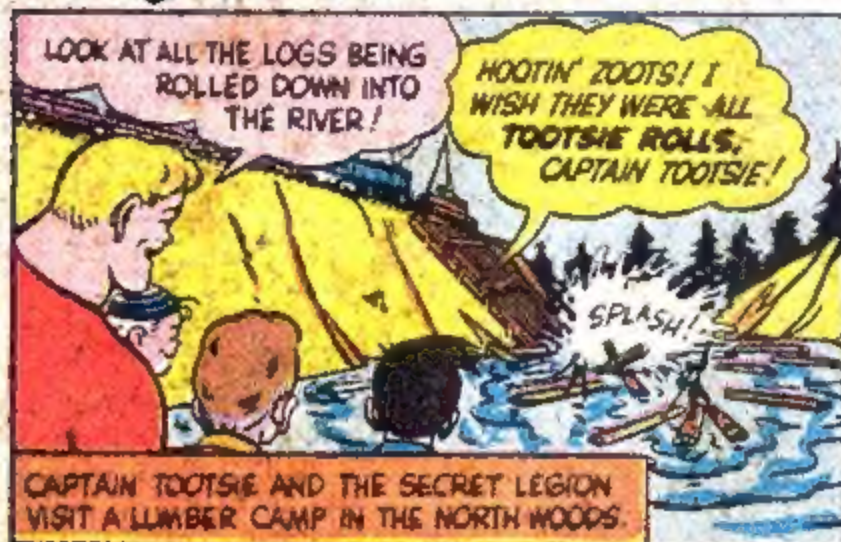
Address _____

City _____

TOOTSIE

LOG JAM RESCUE

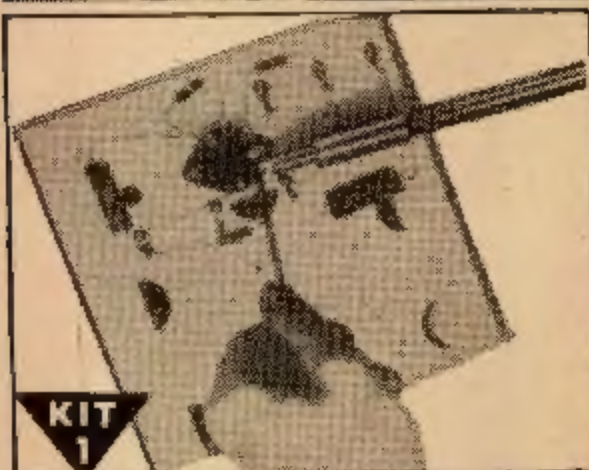
BY CC BECK AND PETER GUSTAZA





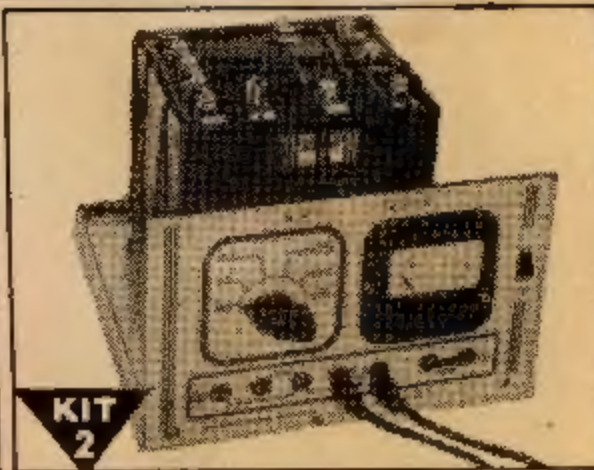
I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



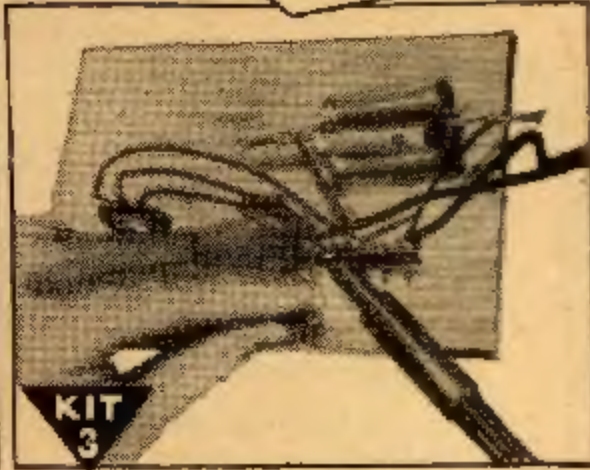
**KIT
1**

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



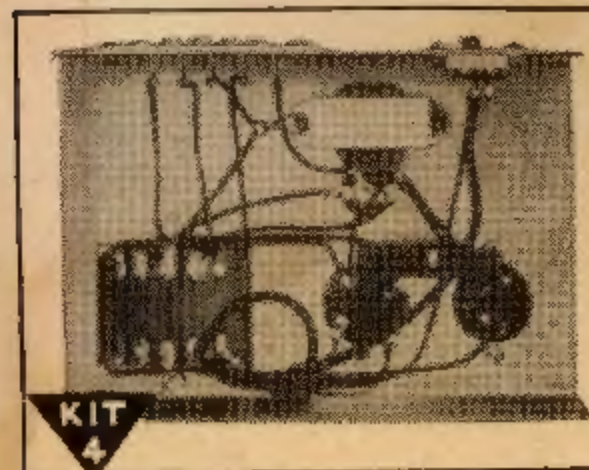
**KIT
2**

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



**KIT
3**

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



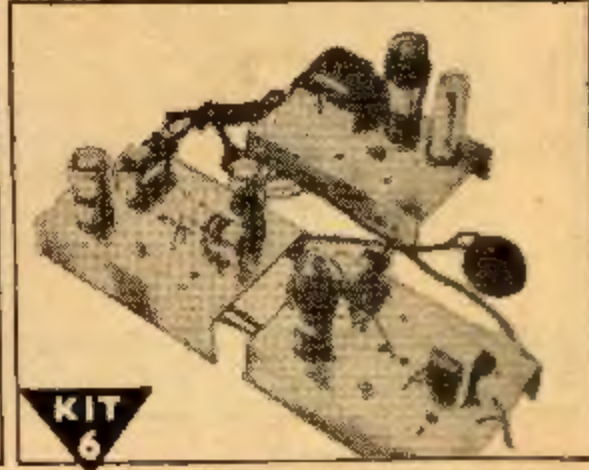
**KIT
4**

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT
5**

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT
6**

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to

get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

Find Out What NRI Can Do For You
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7CB9,
National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home
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APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER GI BILL

Good for Both - FREE

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

**My Course Includes Training in
TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS**



NEW

"EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT BATTERY LASTS 93% LONGER!

What? Horsepower in a Flashlight Cell?

Yes! Here's one horsepower, dramatized in picture form—33,000 foot-pounds of energy! Yet a 3-cell flashlight, equipped with new "Eveready" flashlight batteries, contains only 1% less than a *full horsepower*! Think of it in terms of work done by a husky 1-horse motor... think of it working for *you* in your flashlight, producing brilliant, enduring light! And for *no extra cost*!



FLASHLIGHT USERS! Great new "Eveready" flashlight batteries *now* produce 93% more energy! Nearly *double* the power output of even pre-war "Eveready" cells, long the world's standard for brilliant light, long life, and uniformity. You *pay* no more than ever—which means you save nearly half! For you get dazzling bright light for almost twice as long! Ask for new "Eveready" flashlight batteries—they've got **POWER!**

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

The registered trademark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

93% MORE ENERGY

Nearly *twice* the electric energy...almost *two times longer* life than even famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. *That's* today's *high-energy* "Eveready" battery—proved by "Light Industrial Flashlight" test devised by the American Standards Association.



High Energy

MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT, LONGER LIFE

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

